VOL. IV. SEPTEMBER, 1889. No. 9.

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EMPEDOCLES.

Empedocles, the orator and poet philosopher, was a Sicilian Greek who flourished about 444 B. C. He manifested great zeal as a political and social reformer and was reputed to have great skill in healing diseases, and in averting epidemics. He taught that Love is the organizing force in the world, while Hate is the father of death and disorder. He is the author of the theory that like is known by like.

Agrigentum's sage,
Empedocles, to me you've brought
Some noble thought from your more noble
age.
Relentless Time from history's page
Nor blots, nor can, the truth of God.

Now I see you, roused,
And pleading for the rightful right
Of weak and poor. Your gifted tongue
With words of mighty power has wrung
Applause from those who came to chide.

Jesus also wrought
Like you for such. You knew him not.
Four centuries intervene, each fraught
With some addition to your thought,
Ere walked the earth this son of God.

As the sun, the flower,
So Israel's prophets painted him.
In sweetest words of tenderest power
They sought to tell his work, the hour
That should his coming usher in.

Him the prophets named
The Christ.—All this, while you the truth
Of God in other ways proclaimed.
Oh Sage! The ground of things you aimed
To reach; they, aching hearts to soothe.

Wise in every art,
You told men how the world was made,
How Love built order, mind, and heart,
And slowly causes to depart
Grim chaos, lovéd child of Hate.

Better still, you said,
"Like only can by like be known;"
Mind fathoms mind; the heart, love's tread.
Nature has Nature's secrets read,
While sprites together in converse roam.

Ancient sage, you saw
But half the truth from where you stood.
If God is good,—you gave the law,—
God knows no evil, knows no flaw;
To him 'tis unperfected good.

A. B. Curtis.

Rives Junction, Mich.

WHAT IS WRONG IN THE PRESENT ECONOMIC CONDITIONS.

A Sermon, by Rev. Thomas Van Ness, Denver, Col.

We belong to society. It is an imperfect society, in which there is much unhappiness, injustice and misery. How can it be made better, *i. e.*, how can it be made better, not for a few who find it pleasant enough, but for the great mass of humanity? To this question we have many answers. Writers and thinkers have different plans. Each would-be reformer thinks if only his suggestion be accepted, the ideal condition will be made a reality.

What is the weakness of most of these Utopian plans? They are national, not international. They seek to regenerate some one particular State, instead of the world. They fail to take into account that no one State liveth to itself, and that if the condition they advocate were a reality to-day, in any one country, some disturbance, or war, or treachery, on the part of another State would to-morrow, perhaps, disarrange the whole thing. Even the best of these plans, the most wide-reaching and universal, has one fatal defect. What is that? It would bring about peace and happiness, which are internal conditions, by external change of state. This is contrary to law, to nature. One system alone does not make this mistake. It is the Christian system. It would begin from within and work out. This is according to the law of development, this is nature's way. The Christian system is world-embracing. The promulgator of it saw that it was necessary to found a universal commonwealth, embracing all men. This he tried to do. Citizenship in this world-state is absolutely free to every

man and woman willing to take the oath of allegiance. This once taken, every person is bound by it to do what he can to extend the limits of the state, to work for its ideal, "*the perfection of humanity.*" In short, each must work for the good of his brother. But how? This is the question pressing upon us for fuller answer. We will suppose now that every man in this church wishes so to act that what he does shall be not only for his own benefit, but for the benefit of those around him. How shall he best proceed? How does the founder of the universal commonwealth tell him to proceed? What are the regulations? Search the New Testament carefully. You will find no long list of rules. True, you will find what are called by Tolstoi the "Five Commandments of Christ," but few definite laws, such as those bound up in our ponderous law-books, which, for instance, tell the people of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts or of Colorado what duties they owe one to another and to the State—laws at times so involved, and at other times so loosely drawn up as to require the careful interpretation of certain men set apart for their study, called lawyers and judges. I repeat, the Christian commonwealth has no such elaborate laws, and though it has interpreters (called preachers and ministers) of the rules that were promulgated, yet so plain and simple are these that the humblest citizen can understand them without the help of learned teachers.

The reason for this lack of rule and regulation is quite apparent. If I have no desire in me to kill, murder, steal, commit adultery, or to plunge into beastly drunkenness, what use is there to lay down laws forbidding me to do these things? I have, within myself, a strong tendency, or inner law, which keeps me from the doing of wrong deeds, independent of the fact that they are interdicted. Were I to live where such acts are allowed, among Patagonians or Ashantees, I would not be more likely to commit them. Not outside coercion, but inward restraint, constrains me. Whence this inward restraint? How can it be created? for clearly, if it can be created, then it is most valuable, and when all men possess it then there is no more need for outward coercion and law courts. This inward restraint may be inherited. Long generations of right-acting people may have made it an hereditary birthright, or it may come from the fact that careful education has shown a man the hurtfulness of wrong actions on himself as well as on others. In the latter case, though he know what is right, it does not always follow that the power of his thought will be sufficient to conquer the power of temptation and passion. Often the sad spectacle is presented of men doing wrong through the strength of their passions, although their thought tells them quite truly the after consequences of such debauch.

Another way to work is, not through a man's mind, *i. e.*, not so much to give him good thoughts as to give him a grand passion—one that will subdue and conquer all baser passions, and like a burning flame, eat out the dross and impurity of his nature. In this way Christ worked. He tried to fill men's hearts with the passion of love; first, for a Heavenly Father so good, kind and perfect, as to be worthy of all adoration, and then love for one another, as God's children, and as brothers.

If love can be infused into a man, it works wonderful transformations, *e. g.*, the man into whose heart has come the love for a pure, high-minded, noble woman. Before his nature was so influenced, he may have committed unchaste acts which now he hates even to think of. He still has the old sensual passion, but the new passion is so much stronger that it drives out of his nature even suggestions of improper conduct. So, too, with a selfish and avaricious man. War breaks out. His native country is in peril. He is aroused to enthusiasm and valiantly fights for his beloved land. Money is offered him by the enemy if he will betray the camp. His love for money still remains, but he indignantly rejects the treasonable overtures because love of country and of home inflames his heart. Such love for the race—for man as seen in Christ—

Paul had, and many a martyr who gladly endured pain and suffering, buoyed up by this supreme and holy passion, which the Greeks called *agape*, which we call love.

Love, then, in Christ's system, is not only the inner impelling force to do good, but also the inner constraining force which will keep us from doing wrong. The mother, with love in her heart for her child, Jesus might say, does not need to be told to clothe it, feed it, educate it; neither does she need to be told not to hurt it, or not to neglect it, or not to treat it cruelly. Her love is a law unto itself, and will impel and restrain correctly. Love, then, for one's fellows—for one's neighbor—is apparently the first thing Jesus would infuse into every man. Such a passion, serving for the inner impelling power, will lead men to right acts and keep them from wrong acts without a long list of regulations commencing, "Thus shalt thou do," or "Thou shalt not do." Take the case of the mother. Is not something more needed? Granted she has this impelling desire, at the same time she must know what articles of diet are best for the child; how it should be clothed in summer and again in winter; how best to bring out its latent talents; what schools are most helpful; and a hundred other things equally important. All such things need careful thought and study, and without such thought, her uninstructed love may do harm as well as good.

To advance in our subject, let us imagine that every man in this church not only has a desire to act for the benefit of others as well as of himself, but possesses this positive love enjoined by Christ for his fellows, so that he would seek their interests and serve them, the question still remains unanswered, "How shall he best do it?" Again we turn to the founder of the commonwealth to see what he dictates. The first thing that strikes our attention is the story of the good Samaritan. This story shows that Jesus would have us relieve physical suffering. We are confirmed in this opinion by the words of the Judge in the allegorical picture of the end of the world: "I was an hungered and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me no drink; a stranger and ye took me not in; naked and ye clothed me not; sick and in prison, and ye visited me not."

Apparently, then, our love, if it be worth anything, if it be of the true, genuine Christian kind, must go out in kindly acts, in the alleviation of distress and in the binding of the broken-hearted. Yes, all this we believe, still our question of *what* shall we *do*, is not answered. Are we to infer that our duty as citizens of the Ideal State is performed, when, if we see a poor Chinaman or negro by the wayside, bleeding and torn, we help him, and bind up his wounds? and if we regularly visit the State and county prisons and hospitals? Is our obligation to the commonwealth discharged, by sending clothes for the destitute to the Ladies' Relief, and food for the hungry to the public soup houses and restaurants? Is there nothing more to do? Is this all our duty to the unfortunates? Who to-day would say so? Though such conduct might be unselfish, it would not be the wisest. Something more is needed. The mere following out, in this year, 1889, A. D., of things prescribed 1900 years ago, would be foolish, and here we see why Christ laid down so few rules and regulations. Because, such laws, let them be drafted ever so wisely, would in time be outgrown on account of the always varying conditions of each new century. No, we must not expect, then, to find promulgated laws telling Christian citizens what to do and what not to do. All we are told is: First—love your neighbor, your brother; second—do what you can to make it comfortable and pleasant for him if he is in physical or mental distress; third—do it as your best thought and experience tells you you would like it done unto yourself. To this point our Leader and Guide conducts us. He then bids us farewell. We must make our precedents.

So, then, we must study and think carefully before we act. How comes a Chinaman lying there bleeding, on the

Rock Springs road, in Wyoming, or just outside Seattle, Washington Territory? How comes it that men of violence have burned his home and left him for dead by the wayside?

Again, we must not simply feed the poor that come to our door, but we must ask how it comes about that such poor fellows are out of work and need to beg for food, and clothes, and lodgings. To illustrate: there comes to my study a shabby, awkward sort of a man, who gives me his name and asks for help. I survey him from head to foot, and note the torn clothes, the old hat, and the unshaved appearance. He is not a pleasant picture as he stands there, and I would gladly be rid of him at the little cost which would come to me if I literally obeyed the New Testament injunction, to feed the hungry and clothe the naked. Shall I do it? Shall I say, "Here, my good fellow, is a dollar for your present necessities. Depart in peace. Be warmed and filled, and when you are again needy come around and we shall see what further can be done?"

No, my better judgment tells me that is not the way to act, so I begin to question him. He comes from Fall River, Massachusetts. As I happen to know that town I ask him what he did there. He tells me of his work in one of the mills. He has been employed at one of the looms for fifteen years. There is no more need for such work now. A clever invention has superseded, to a great extent, the hand labor, and he with certain others was discharged. Could he get nothing else around there to do? "Well, sir, you see I'm not very strong. I had a bad attack of sickness about three years ago; got wet, sir; bad cold; doctor said I might get all over it if I could get a job in the mountains or some dry climate. Law, sir; there wasn't any chance for that so I just stuck to my work, but when they laid off the hands I thought I'd strike out. Heard a good deal about the chances in the west, especially Denver, and so I worked my way out here. I'm not strong, sir; not strong enough to work steady on the streets, but I'm willing to do anything else."

I don't doubt it. In spite of his soiled clothes and his general shabbiness there is an honest ring in his voice and he impresses me as telling the truth. What can I do for him? I am at my wits' ends. Shall I tell him the world has no more use for him, that it will be money in the pocket of this community if he make away with himself? The next step in his downward career will make him a beggar and a tramp. Poor and irregular food is quickly going to impoverish that feeble frame, and in less than a year he will be a charge on the county; by and by in the hospital and then—a pauper's burial and a pauper's grave. I see it all as though it were written over his head, and I ask the question of myself: "Is this the outcome of civilization? Is it possible that a minister of Christ, a representative of the ideal commonwealth, can suggest nothing better to a man who for fifteen years has steadily worked for society than to go forth and blow out his brains?"

"We owe him nothing," the world says. Stop! Let us listen to the plea which can be made in his behalf. From further questioning I find out that he, as well as his father, was born in Massachusetts. Back of that he knows little of his pedigree, for it has not yet become fashionable for the poor to keep records of the family births and traditions.

To go further back, one thing is sure. Ever since the founding of the Christian state his progenitors have certainly lived. Father, grandfather, great grandfather, and so on—five, ten, twenty-five generations back. In these past 1900 years all those from whom he has descended have worked and fought and married and toiled and reared children. They have had their joys and sorrows, just as have all those from whom you and I are descended. Could we go back two or three centuries, probably we should find that his progenitors of that day did as much for the world as our progenitors of the same date. Any way, one thing is absolutely certain to my mind, and it is this: if an average were struck of all the hard work and good deeds done by

the twenty-five generations from which he is born, and an average struck of the twenty-five generations from which either you or I have come since Christ's time, it would be found that his forefathers had done about as much good for the world as ours. Surely you believe that. Well, then; all these good things which we have inherited,—these many inventions; this complex machinery; this art of cooking; this knowledge of building houses; of keeping warm in winter; of traveling across the ocean, and I know not what else besides,—in a word, all this civilization, the product of the toil and thought of millions of human beings, is as much his inheritance as my inheritance or your inheritance. He stands heir to all that his twenty-five generations have done. We stand heir to all that our twenty-five generations have done. How comes it then that though he is the rightful heir to all this, plus the product of fifteen years hard work performed by himself, yet at this moment all the possessions happen to be in our hands and he has nothing? How happens it that the best advice I can give may be summed up something in Carlyle's words?—"Ah! fellow, get thee out from here. Thou desirest to live. It comes of thy vanity, of what thou fanciest thy deserts to be. Fancy thou deservest to be hanged (as is most likely), thou will feel it happiness to be only shot; fancy that thou deservest to be hanged in a hair halter, it will be a luxury to die in hemp."

I travel across the continent from Fall River, Massachusetts, to Denver, Colorado. As I look out the car window I see smiling farms, great acres of rich land, wheat and corn apparently in abundance. Through New York and Ohio the train passes many a manufacturing town—mill and furnace and factory and workshop turning out the product of industry. Coming to Illinois and Iowa, fruit farms are passed—thousands and thousands of trees bearing uncounted fruit. Nebraska is reached, then Colorado's great plains and unoccupied ground, except here and there where some herd of cattle peacefully graze. A magnificent panorama is this which is presented to my sight in four days, such an one as we can imagine the New Testament writer supposes Satan to have shown Jesus.

Picking up a trade journal I learn that the warehouses of the land are full and running over, that there is over-production and that a large export to Europe will be necessary. I try to study the matter out. How comes it that we have hungry ones when there is more in the land to eat than can be used? How comes it that certain people are cold when there are millions of tons of coal in the ground and these people are willing to dig it? How comes it that people have no home but the highway when whole counties and districts of land are lying idle, of no good to either man or beast? How is it that some of the choicest spots near pleasant villages and towns are vacant? Surely not because people do not wish to live on them; surely not because men —such, say, as my visitor from Fall River—are not willing to cultivate them if they are allowed the privilege.

All that my visitor now asks as he stands before me so silently is justice. He wants his rights, his heritage, that which lawfully should be his by virtue of his ancestors; and I, a Christian minister, have little better to offer him than a benediction that he may be successful in leaving this world the quickest way possible.

"Relieve the distress of others as you yourself would wish to be helped were you now suffering." These words float down to me through nineteen centuries, yet I find them not easy to obey. I find that I must carefully study and ponder over economic conditions so that I may see what is best to do. To such study I call every one of you. The times demand it; loyalty to the ideal commonwealth demands it. A duty is before us; we can not shrink back. "The *cause* that I knew not I searched out." This is the spirit which must animate every one of us.

Behold the fields are all before us. The plough needs to be put to the ground. The old must be torn up, the weeds and the rank growth of present

economic conditions overturned so that the harvest of thirty, of sixty and of one hundred fold can be possible. As in the days of Christ, you are called to this service. Are you willing and ready to perform it? If so put your hand to the work, remembering this injunction, the spirit which guided our Puritan forefathers:

"Let not him that putteth his hand to the plough look backwards;
Though the ploughshare cut through the flowers of life to its fountains,
Though it pass o'er the graves of the dead and the hearts of the living,
It is the will of the Lord; and his mercy endureth forever!"

DOCTRINE MORE OR LESS.

One justification of doctrine in religion is its *practical* value,—that is, its use as *motive*. Without some doctrines you cannot have the *motive-power* which religion should supply. The crudest form of savage superstition, or the barest form of Ethical Culture religion, must have its doctrines. Leave out doctrines altogether, and you lose all religion, just as you lose the heat of a fire if you give it no fuel; for without the beliefs and sentiments of religion, you have little or nothing to constrain the will to righteous thoughts and deeds; you have "mere morality," a body of rules or a miscellany of habits,—in either case a mere corpse, or something from which the life is fast ebbing.

In this broad sense of the word "religion," the Ethical Culture movement has a right to the name. But they who take the word "religion," must also take the word "doctrine." The difference between Christianity and Ethical Culture is not a question of "doctrine or no doctrine," but simply a question of "more or less doctrine." For, the good man who reverences the moral law, has consequently a belief in the moral government of the universe as bringing rewards and retributions to some extent; and such a belief expressed in words, is a religious doctrine, quite as much as is the Trinity. It may even become a "dogma," when the agnostic insists that others shall accept his own conception or statement of the truth as absolutely correct and certain.

The only fair objection to Christian doctrines, then, is, not that they are "doctrines," but that they are not important, or perhaps not even true. The reverent, earnest agnostic has no right to say that he opposes *all* doctrines; he can only say, either that the Christian belief in a Heavenly Father, for instance, is not ethically useful, or that it is an illusion.

The Christian, in reply, need not defend the importance of doctrines in general. He need only show that this or that doctrine is invaluable as a motive, and that it is justified as true by the highest experiences of human hearts.

But one fair complaint against Ethical Culture is, that it makes religion *meagre*, weakens its power over human life, and tends to a deterioration of character and a chilling of philanthropy, because it leaves out the highest and mightiest motives for right-living and self-sacrifice. For without faith in a Divine Love and in human Immortality, it is hard to be faithful to duty and to make sacrifices for our fellow men. All honor to the noble, Stoic souls in modern times who can feed themselves spiritually with so meagre a religious belief and do such great works of justice and mercy with so little motive! But to most men, the loss of Christian belief would soon mean a loss of Christian motive, and then a rapid lowering of the moral life and a rapid decline of philanthropic zeal. For, if they cease to believe in their own immortality or the immortality of their fellow men, they soon cease to reverence their own nature or the human nature of others; and in the decay of reverence, there is lost one of the noblest of ethical and philanthropic motives; those who believe that they are to perish like the beasts, will be easily tempted to live like the beasts and to honor none of the rights of their fellow men,—"Let us eat and drink for to-morrow we die." Another motive—less noble, to be sure, yet pure and mighty—which would be lost, if faith in immortality were lost, is hope. Then trust in God would also fail, if indeed

it had not perished long before. And this mortal life would become so sad and weary, that even strong-hearted men, like the Stoics in ancient times, would justify suicide, and in times of misfortune would see no nobler course to take.

It is another fair complaint against Ethical Culture that it is *arbitrary* in believing in a moral government of the universe, or at least in a moral law for human souls, and yet disbelieving in a Supreme Wisdom and Love and an Immortal Life. For all these beliefs rest on similar foundations,—namely, the testimony of human *sentiments.* We have absolutely no ground for believing in the moral government of the universe, or even in the authority of the moral law, but the ground that we find in the *moral* sentiment. Nature, outside of our human hearts, tells nothing of a moral government or of a moral law; induction from the facts of the world tends to make us skeptics, even about morality; for, ever since the time of Job, it has been often observed that the wicked prosper in worldly ways quite as much as the righteous. It is the Conscience alone, within each man's own breast, that testifies to these beliefs which even the agnostic accepts. But this testimony of the Conscience is no stronger or clearer for the moral law than is the testimony of the Heart and Soul, of the instincts of love and reverence, of wonder and worship, of hope, for the final triumph of the best; and of trust in the power of love in human affairs for the belief in a Righteous and Loving God full of personal sympathy, and in an Immortal Life.

CHARLES A. ALLEN.

ETHICAL CULTURE.

I wish to offer, hardly in the way of criticism,—and yet it is criticism when you differ from a man and tell the reason why,—two criticisms on the Ethical Culture movement which shall constitute an explanation as to why I do not join it.

I do not believe that our Ethical Culture friends have taken a step towards breadth, towards depth, towards height. I regard the Ethical Culture movement, as compared with the position which I try to occupy to-day, as a narrow, contracted position, as one bounded and hampered. I believe that I have basis, ground for all that is noble and grand in the Ethical Culture movement and something more.

In the first place, I do not think that Ethical Culture, if you confine yourself simply to that, has an adequate explanation for its existence in the agnostic theory of the universe; that is, in the theory of the universe which leaves out God as the source, the author, the inspiration of the moral life. I do not believe there is any adequate explanation for this fine and high enthusiasm which these men possess and manifest. . . .

The origin of any idea of right or wrong, the conception of myself as an imperfect being, the desire to grow and expand, to become something more and better,—all this has sprung from the fact that man is this curious being, the only one on earth, so far as we know, who dreams, who has an ideal of something finer, something more beautiful, something better than ever was. Where did he get it? Where did he get this dream? Where did he get this ideal? Unless there be a power, a life, adequate to the dream, then it is something utterly unexplainable; and if you say there is no God, and the dream came somehow out of matter, earth, soil, why then you must change your definition of soil. You must have a kind of earth that thinks, feels, recognizes the principle of justice, that can pity, that cares for peace on earth, that knows what it is to be tender and kind and loving, and that can blossom into a Jesus. And, when you get that, I defy anybody to tell me the difference between that and what I mean when I say spirit or God. If, then, man is a moral being, if he dreams of something that transcends him forever and makes his life an eternal pursuit, that demands something that the Ethical Culturist philosophy says must be left out of account because we do not know anything about it, I differ from the Ethical Culture men right there.

I differ radically in another way. I do not believe that the Ethical Culturist can give me any adequate reason, any adequate motive, for the kind of life he wants me to live. If there is no future, if, when we lie down in the dust, that is the end of us, and if, after a certain length of time, this whole world and all that we see are to come to an end, and there is to be nothing but what we call dead matter again, then on that theory of the universe there is no adequate motive for the kind of moral life that the finest of these Ethical Culture men both illustrate and demand. When I hear Felix Adler, for example, at his best, I think I am listening to one of the old Hebrew prophets,—a man inspired, a man on fire with the noblest enthusiasm, and a man who, by the way, at every third sentence, as it seems to me, implies what I believe in of God and the future, and denies his own premises. So much finer must I regard his spiritual nature than the logic of his position.

It is true, if the world is only going to live for one day, and then we are to sink into nothingness—true even then that it would be better for people not to steal, not to be unkind, not to be cruel, not to cut each other's throats, to obey the practical principles of morality; but, if there is no grand future, then I say a practical, adequate motive for doing these things seems to me to be wanting. Morality would last, but it would entirely change its nature.

Take an illustration. Suppose I knew that I am to live just one year from to-day, and then am to die. I should lay out my life on a scale adapted to that brief period. If, on the other hand, I could be sure that I am going to live twenty-five years more, do you not see how natural it would be for me to lay out my life on another scale? It would change the whole purpose, scope, and emphasis of my life. So I believe, if this world is the end, it would still be better, if you can get people to see it, for them to live true, noble, moral, and helpful lives; but the grandeur of the motive is taken away. I think the finest thought from the agnostic point of view in our literature is that wonderfully sweet and beautiful "Choir Invisible":

"O may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence: live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.

"So to live is heaven:
To make undying music in the world,
Breathing as beauteous order that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man.

"This is life to come,
Which martyred men have made more glorious
For us who strive to follow. May I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,—
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense.
So shall I join the choir invisible,
Whose music is the gladness of the world."

This is the song of the agnostic, the song of the Ethical Culturist, as she would undoubtedly have called herself had she been here. But it seems to me that here is the flame of a religious fire kindled on the altar of faith in a future life; for all the way through it carries the implication that somehow she is to be there, rejoicing in all this glory that she has helped to create. Yet, on her theory, she is to be simply a memory then, and know nothing of all this grand thing that came to be.

To face the matter frankly and squarely, I think we have a right to ask the Ethical Culture men to tell us why. Why should I do? If there is no God, if there is no intelligence, no goodness, no life in the universe, then my happiness is just as important as the happiness of a man who perhaps will live five hundred years from now. When he comes, if he dares to be happy, it will be just as wrong as it is for me to be happy to-day. Why, then, should I go without? Why should I suffer, why should I sacrifice, why should I crucify myself to make him have a pleasant time when he is born, when the end after all

is that both of us will cease to be, and there is nobody to know and nobody to care? It seems to me that the mainspring and motive for sacrifice are taken away. Why should a man be a martyr, extinguish life itself? Why, Ethical Culture exists simply to make life as comfortable and pleasant as possible. Martyrdom is its *reductio ad absurdum.* It is a contradiction of the very purpose for which it exists. Why should Jesus go to the cross, if that is the end of Jesus, simply that somebody else might not suffer the pang that was inflicted upon him? Why should the men in the East End of London to-day be quiet, orderly, well-behaved, and let the Duke of Westminster, who owns almost acres of the city of London, ride in his carriages and eat his dinners in perfect peace, when he has never lifted a finger or done one stroke of work to earn that which he enjoys and for the lack of which they starve? If there is nothing beyond, if there is no hope to buoy them up, if there is no grand purpose in bearing up, why not nihilism and rebellion for the sake of getting whatever of the world's enjoyment they can before we all go into the dust together, and the farce is done?

The Ethical Culture men say that doctrine is of importance only as it leads to conduct, that ritual is of importance only as it leads to conduct. I say there is something more important than doctrine, not *only;* something more important than ritual, not *only;* there is something more important than conduct even. The doctrine and the ritual and the conduct are means to an end, exist for something that transcends them all. What is that something? Life. The greatest men of the world have been athirst for the infinite life. They have been lifted up by this unquenchable instinct, this insatiable thirst for the infinite life. And this thirst must be quenched. You must have a theory of the universe that will explain it, or you have no true theory; and it can be explained only when we suppose that the infinite life of which we are children, in the silence of the soul, is calling to us and saying, "Be ye perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect." This theory, and this alone, I believe runs a line of light and rationality through the long struggle of the world. I believe that the one thing for which every soul exists is eternally to thirst for and find God.

"Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun,—
Both speed them to their source.
So a soul that's born of God
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace."

—*M. J. Savage in "Unity Pulpit."*

ETHICS AND RELIGION.

EXTRACTS FROM AN ADDRESS BEFORE THE ETHICAL SOCIETY OF CAMBRIDGE, ENG., BY PROFESSOR J. R. SEELEY.

I address the society, as it were, from outside, for I have had no share in founding it, I meet it now for the first time, and I suppose I am not even a member of it. I am here simply in compliance with your wish, to give advice and offer suggestions, and I feel that my independent position is a position of advantage. I am in no way pledged to you, nor you to me. I may speak without restraint, and you may listen at your ease. If you like my views and suggestions, so much the better, and if you do not, why, no harm is done.

English people have an irrepressible habit of forming societies. And no doubt much may be done by association, but it has struck me at times that we conclude somewhat too readily, as soon as we become aware of some public object worthy to be pursued, that a society must be formed to pursue it. And I have known many societies which have shown great enthusiasm so long as the process of organizing themselves and recruiting members continued, but, when this was complete and they were confronted with the question what precisely they were to do, have begun to betray embarrassment. . . .

It seems to me that you are really exposed to this danger, that while you feel deeply the value of ethical principles, while you are convinced, perhaps, that the very salvation of the world depends

upon the due promulgation of them, you may omit to consider sufficiently what precise function an Ethical Society can fulfil in this work of promulgation, which could not be equally well fulfilled by machinery already existing, or without machinery at all. For certainly it does not follow because an object is all-important, because an idea possesses our minds, that a new society ought to be called into existence. . . . . You might, of course, form simply a society of students for the purpose of investigating the theory of morals. But I need not pause on this, because it is plain that you do not intend it. You address the public, you lecture, you preach, you institute a propaganda. Very well, then. Have you a common doctrine? Are you agreed on your principles? Or do you expect gradually to arrive at a common doctrine, which it will then become the business of the society to propagate? If so, I should like you to consider how much is involved in this. It means that the Ethical Society would resolve itself into an organized school, a new sect, or church. After all, every church on earth, and certainly the Christian Church, is an ethical society. It will be difficult to found a new ethical society such as I have described without entering into rivalry with existing churches. If you take pains to avoid this, by maintaining silence upon disputed points, you will run the risk of reducing yourselves to insignificance; if you face the difficulty, you will stand forth before the world as a new sect. You will either found a new schism within the Christian Church, or you will organize a new attack upon it from without. To found a new church, even if it is destined to become a dominating church, is certainly a serious thing; and if it is destined, like so many new churches that we have seen, to be only an ambitious failure, then, I ask, is the founding of it worth while? . . .

My advice is, that instead of waging war, open or covert, you enter once for all into the heartiest and most unreserved alliance with Christianity. . . . . I hope this society will not make the mistake which the church itself has so often made, and become a sect of dogmatists instead of a vital organ of ethical life and ethical reform. . . .

Is it your object to rouse ethical life among the people? I say then, that attacks on Christianity, whatever else they may do, can only have the effect of paralyzing ethical life. It might be otherwise if by waving a wand you could cause Christianity to disappear, and some new and powerful ethic system to take its place. As it is, by meeting with a formal negation all that the established teachers of ethics affirm, you neutralize their influence; and as, in any case, many years or centuries must pass before an authority so ancient as that of Christianity can be subverted or another set up, you condemn the people during those years or centuries to have no ethical rule of life at all. And it seems to me that much of the confusion we already witness, much of the unrestrained folly and frenzy which fill us with dismay, is the effect of this conflict of authorities. The ancient authority affirms and forthwith the modern authority denies. Do you regard the public as an intelligent judge, calmly deciding between the disputants? Is it not rather a bewildered listener, whom the uncertainty reduces to despair? . . .

The Christianity teaching of the day seems to me ethically very insufficient. It is drawn too exclusively from an ancient text-book. But I can never be brought to see that any Christian dogma is responsible for this insufficiency, and I think that, without giving up any dogma, the churches might go heart and soul into the ethical movement. I for my part am not dissatisfied in the main with what the churches teach, but with what they do not teach. The kind of ethical reform I desire to see is one which Christianity itself might have initiated. It is now undertaken independently of the churches, but, I believe, without the faintest impulse of hostility or jealousy towards the churches. It is my opinion that only by a friendly and hearty alliance can you achieve any great success. By means of it opposition will be disarmed, and your influence will have a passport into every nook and corner of the com-

munity. Meanwhile both parties to the alliance will be morally improved by it. The churches may acquire a certain freshness of tone by association with a more independent body of teachers. The many strong thinkers, who in the present state of opinion cannot be clergymen, may thus from an independent position give help and advice to the clergy, and they may contribute to make Christian teaching ethically more practical and powerful, more masculine, less conventionally solemn and pathetic. But the churches, it is my opinion, have quite as much to give as to take—to teach as to learn. After all, Christianity is the original Ethical Society. It has the ancient tradition and store of precedents, it has the ubiquitous organization, it has the unapproachable classical literature, it has the long line of prophets and saints. We are all morally its children, and most of us are not even its grown-up children. I say, let us not be guilty of presumption. It is a pity that in a Christian country it should be necessary to found ethical societies at all; it would be arrogant, and at the same time it would be suicidal, for these societies to hold themselves aloof from the Christianity of the country. Rather let the new influence blend freely, and even be prepared to lose itself in the old.—*The Fortnightly Review.*

THE OLD BIBLE STORIES.

[*Chapters from a forthcoming book of Bible Stories by Brooke Herford.*]

IX. The Story of Rebekah.

As Isaac was growing up to be a man every one in the tribe began to talk about who should be his wife. In those old times it was the custom for the sheik or chief to choose a wife for his son. But where was Abraham to look? There were many beautiful maidens among the peoples round, but Abraham felt that he must keep apart from all these peoples. They were all idol worshipers, and if his son should join himself to any of them he feared that the worship of the one true God would be forgotten again. So he began to think of the old country from which he had come out. He would like his son to have a wife from there, for she would at least be of his own people. But it was a long way off, many hundreds of miles across the desert.

At last, however, he settled that that was the only way. He had an old servant named Eliezer, who was the steward over all that he had, and whom he trusted greatly. He called this old man, and, first making him swear that he would never help Isaac to marry one of the daughters of the Canaanites, told him that he must journey back to the old home from which they had come, and find there a wife for him.

In that early world when a man sought a wife it was the custom to give rich presents to her family, so Eliezer took ten camels and loaded them with great stores of the richest treasures Abraham had,—shawls and stuffs, and bracelets and rings. Then he set out upon his journey.

Day after day the caravan made its way across the desert, and at last came in sight of a little city. Eliezer halted at the great well in the plain outside the city. It was evening and he knew that the women of the place would be coming out for water, and he thought that among them he might find perhaps one who should be the wife of his young master.

Presently he saw them coming towards the well with their great water jars upon their heads. But how should he choose? He could choose one who was good-looking, but he wanted one who should be kind and gracious also. So he prayed to the God of his master Abraham, that he would show him how to choose rightly; and then when he had prayed, an idea came into his mind so good that he thought it must surely be God's answer to his prayer. It was, that he should ask one of these maidens to give him drink, and if she should not only give him water, but should say, "I will give your camels some water also," then, that kind word should be a sign of a kind heart, and so he would know that this was the maiden whom he should take. And, behold, just as he was thinking of this, there came a young maiden

so fair to look upon that at once Eliezer wished that she might be his young master's wife.

He went quickly forward to the well-side, just as she had filled her jar and lifted it upon her head, and said: "Let me, I pray thee, drink a little water out of thy pitcher." And she answered, "Drink, my lord," and she hasted to let down her pitcher upon her hands, and gave him drink. And when she had done giving him drink, she said, "I will draw water for thy camels also, until they have drunk." So she emptied her pitcher into the trough and went for more water, and drew for all his camels! Then Eliezer took from his saddle-bags two great gold bracelets, and a beautiful nose-ring such as Eastern women used to wear in those old times, and gave them to the maiden, asking her whose daughter she was and whether he might lodge in her father's house that night.

And who do you think it was? Why, Eliezer found that he had come to the very settlement which Abraham's people had made when they first came out of their own country and before he had gone away still further, and he was among the family of Abraham's own brother, Nahor, who had died long before; and this maiden, whose name was Rebekah, was one of the daughters of the house, and so was of his young master's kindred.

When Eliezer found out all this he bowed his head and blessed the Lord.

Meanwhile the maiden ran and told them at home of this man who had come from their kindred in the far-off country, and showed her brother Laban (who was now the head of this part of the tribe) the beautiful jewels which the man had given her. Then they all came out wondering, and as Eliezer drew near, Laban said, "Come in thou blessed of the Lord," and brought him in, and had his camels cared for, and then set him down to eat meat with them after his journey.

But the man said, "I cannot eat until I have told my errand." So he told them all how in the years since Abraham had gone away, God had greatly prospered him, and had given him a son in his old age, and now had sent him, his servant, to seek a wife for this son from his own people. Moreover, he told them how he had seen Rebekah at the well, and how her kind word about the camels had made him feel that this was the very maiden whom the Lord had chosen for his young master's wife. "And now," he said, "if you will deal kindly with my master, tell me; and if not, tell me, for then I will go my way."

Laban said, "This thing is from the Lord, we cannot speak unto thee bad or good. Behold Rebekah is before thee, take her; and let her be thy master's son's wife as the Lord has spoken."

And again the servant was so glad that he could only bow down to the ground in thankfulness to God. Then he went out and brought in more jewels, and gold and silver, and shawls, and stuffs, and gave them to Rebekah and also to her brother and her mother.

Early next morning Eliezer rose up, and said, "Now let me go back with the maiden to my master." But they were not willing; they said, "Let her stay with us at least ten days and then she shall go with thee." But he begged them not to hinder him; so then they said, "We will call the damsel and leave it to her." So they called her and said to her,—"Wilt thou go with this man?" and she said, "I will go!" So then they sent away Rebekah, and her old nurse with her, and Eliezer and his men; and they blessed Rebekah with a great, solemn blessing; and so they all went their way.

It was evening in the long return journey when they came towards home; and lo, as they drew near, Isaac had come out into the plain; for no doubt he had been wondering when Eliezer would arrive. Rebekah also saw him from her camel and said to Eliezer, "What man is this, that walketh in the field in my sight?" And the servant said, "It is my master." Then she alighted from her camel and put a veil over her face,

for in that country a bride must not let the man to whom she is given see her face till after she be married.

So they came home; and Eliezer told Isaac all things that he had done. And Isaac brought Rebekah to his mother Sarah's tent and took her for his wife and loved her greatly, and she became the mother of the future race through whom the world was to be blessed with the religion of the one true God.

X. Isaac.

There is not much to tell about Isaac. He seems to have been a quiet man, rather timid and fearful, but yet after Abraham had passed away, Isaac was a kind and good chief among his people. After a time there came a famine in the land, and he moved his settlement down towards the more fruitful plains nearer the sea. It was a place where his father had lived awhile, and he settled down there by some wells which Abraham had dug. It was in the country of the Philistines. These Philistines were a strong, warlike people, and Isaac was rather afraid of them. Especially was he afraid that the king or some one of their chiefs might see his beautiful wife Rebekah, and want to have her. So he told all his servants, and Rebekah herself, to say, if anyone asked them, that Rebekah was his sister. He did not want any one to have Rebekah, for he loved her very dearly; but still he thought that supposing she were taken from him, he himself would be spared as her brother, while if he were known to be her husband he might probably be put to death. But it was a lie, and a cowardly lie, and by and by it brought him to shame, as lies mostly do. For one day the Philistine king, as he looked out from his window, saw Isaac walking with Rebekah, and knew from his loving way with her that she must surely be his wife. And so the king called him, and spoke severely to him: "What is this that thou hast done unto us?" he said, "for thou saidst 'she is my sister,' and behold of a surety she is thy wife. And now one of our people might have taken her to wife, and so thou shouldst have brought trouble upon us." And King Abimelech charged all his people, saying, "He that toucheth this man or his wife, shall be put to death." So Abimelech, though he was an idolater and the king of an idol-worshiping people, showed himself a true man, truer than Isaac who worshiped the one true God.

It is curious to find that in after times people told this same story about Abraham also, and his wife Sarah. But Abraham was a brave man, not the sort of man to tell a lie; and moreover Sarah was a very aged woman whom no one would want to take to wife, so that it seems more likely to have been true of Isaac and his beautiful Rebekah. Only in the telling of many generations, for it was never written down till long afterwards, it came to be told not only of Isaac but of Abraham also.

Isaac stayed some years in the Philistine country, and his flocks and herds and harvests increased greatly, so that the Philistines began to envy him. They thought he was growing too great, and so, in order to drive him away, they stopped the wells his father Abraham had dug and filled them up with earth. It was a great wrong, but Isaac was a man of peace like his father, and would not fight. He quietly moved his settlement—it was still only like a great camp—and went further from the sea to a place where there had once been other wells in his father's time; he reopened these and dwelt there.

In those dry Eastern lands, where they have little rain, wells are great things, and the man who digs a well is remembered with blessing for ages afterwards. This was Isaac's blessing. He could not fight; there was no very great thing that he could do. But wherever he came he set his servants clearing out the old springs, and digging wells. So it tells that, here, "Isaac's servants digged in the valley and found there a well of springing water." But the neighboring herders of the Philistines came there too, and said, "The water is ours!" Isaac's servants would have fought for it, but Isaac would not let them. "No," said he, "we will not drink the waters of strife," so he went

peacefully away; but for ages after, that well was called "Esek," which meant "strife" in their tongue.

But still there was no peace. He moved further away, and digged another well, but again the Philistine herders followed and claimed the water with their fierce threats; and Isaac said, "It is a well of 'enmity,'" and moved away. And that well, also, was thenceforth called "the well of Sitnah," which meant "enmity."

However, they moved far enough away this time, and now they digged another well, and possessed it in peace; and they called this well "Rehoboth," which meant "the broad places," because, he said, "the Lord hath made room for us, and we shall be fruitful."

And here came a wonderful thing as a reward for all this forbearance. It would seem that word had been carried by these Philistine herders to their king of how Isaac would have no strife with them, and had again and again moved quietly away; and Abimelech wondered, for this peaceful man was not like the warlike men of his land, and yet his God seemed to have greatly prospered him. So Abimelech went to him, with two of his great warriors, and asked him to make a treaty of peace with them, that he would do no harm to them nor they to him. And Isaac was glad and made them a great feast so that they eat salt together and were thenceforth friends. And that same day Isaac's servants came in from a place where they had been herding their flocks, and said to him, "We have found water!" And he went with them, and lo! there were some wells close to the edge of the desert, and he called them "Sheba," or "Beer-Sheba," which some say meant the "well of the oath," because of his oath that day with Abimelech; others, however, say it meant "the seven wells." And indeed there are seven wells there to this day, some of them deep wells cut down into the rock, and one of them is still faced with great stones put there in very ancient times.

So Isaac might be called "the well-digger." It is not much to tell of him, but so far it is good. He was not any prophet or hero. He was not a great leader like his father whom men had called "the Friend of God." When Abraham had told of some blessing that in after times was to come through his people, there is no sign that Isaac had any real idea what that blessing was to be. Yet, in his way, he did his part as he could see it. The only way he could see to bless men was by digging wells here and there, in the dry thirsty lands. And that was a blessing. For at some of those wells the shepherds still water their flocks; and the caravans of camels stop there, and thirsty travelers hasten their journey to make their evening camps there. And still they sometimes speak the name of him who more than three thousand years ago digged those wells, and bless the name of "Isaac, the well-digger."

GROWTH OF UNITARIAN THOUGHT SINCE THE PROTESTANT REFORMATION.

V. Transcendentalism.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, 1803-1882.

Born in Boston. Attended Boston Latin School. Entered Harvard, 1817. Graduated and joined his brother in teaching private school, 1821. Attended lectures at Divinity School, Cambridge, 1823. Called to Second Church, Boston, 1829. Resigned, 1832. Traveled in Europe, 1833. Settled at Concord, 1834. Delivered famous address to Divinity students at Cambridge, 1838. Traveled in Europe, 1847. Elected to the board of overseers of Harvard College, 1867. Delivered University Lectures, 1870. Visited California, 1871. Died at his home in Concord, 1882.*

If Priestley successfully used knife and shears to promote the growth of Unitarian thought, if Channing refreshed and invigorated it with living water of inspiration, if Gannett harvested the fruit, it was surely Emerson who came to sow broadcast the new seed. After an education won against a constant struggle with poverty, and after wearisome years of distasteful school-teaching, he entered the Unitarian cause as minister to

*Important works: "Nature," 1836; "Divinity School Address," 1838; "Essays," 1841; "Essays," 2nd Series, 1844; "Poems," 1846; "Essays on Representative Men," 1850; "English Traits," 1856; "Conduct of Life," 1860. Many complete editions of all his works.

the Second Church in Boston, and immediately prepared the ground to receive what he could sow, by declaring that Unitarian preachers were "holding on to phrases when the lapse of time had already changed their meaning," that a "knowledge of God's works in nature was as necessary as a knowledge of Scripture." Clerical expressions and ecclesiastical form were to him tares taking away the life of true religion, and not props or poles useful to hold up the growing plant. Self-development, self-responsibility, daily, not deferred judgment, constant, unceasing relation with the Infinite,—these ideas he pressed upon his hearers. With absolute sincerity and fearlessness he treated the Scriptures, at that time the basis of almost all pulpit discourses, as the illustration, not the foundation, of religious truth. There was a reality and vividness about this method of approaching religion that made people feel that perhaps this new preacher was a real prophet and not merely a pretentious critic. But, borne on the tide of his own prophetic visions, he was soon beyond popular forbearance, and resigned his pastorate of the Second Church, ostensibly because of his peculiar opinion in regard to the administration of the Lord's Supper.

The perfectly independent position, however, which he occupied for the rest of his life, that of essayist and lecturer, gave him a freedom through which he brought his own original thought to bear upon Unitarianism from the outside. Where Unitarian thought still grew within the shadow of tradition rather than in the brightness of the living spirit of truth, Emerson poured out fresh seed. Wherever the power that was the basis of Christianity seemed, even in Unitarianism, to be hidden and perhaps lost under the fixed form of Christianity, Emerson hastened to urge the removal of the form, that the real power might be free. In a sermon to the Second Church, he says:

"Christianity is the most emphatic affirmation of spiritual nature. But it would be very inconsistent to set bounds to that illimitable ocean. Jesus never said, 'All truth have I revealed.' He plainly asserts the contrary: 'Greater things than these shall ye do.' 'I will send you *another* teacher, the Spirit of Truth, he will guide you into all truth.' We see with our own eyes the verification of this. Christian associations are relieving the sufferings of vast masses of men; are they not all the fruit of the life and teachings of the lowly Nazarene?"

Emerson felt that there was still danger of real religion being dried up in ceremonial religion, of individual soul becoming stereotyped in visible church. Each soul, he urged, must have a faith satisfactory to its own proper nature, must rely upon its own immediate relation to God, must find within itself the supreme, calm, immortal mind, of which to seek counsel, which is indeed the face which the Creator uncovers to his child, and which shows us how Jesus in a right and rational way could say: "The Father is in me: I am in the Father, yet the Father is greater than I."

He hoped that the growth of a faith like this would lead to nobler results than any yet attained, and that in the first place it would put an end to all that is technical in preaching and religious teaching. His idea was that we must everywhere replace the traditional name or symbol by the present religious reality.

The majority of Unitarian preachers at that time, however, were not able to rest boldly upon the present religious reality, but still claimed for Christianity a miraculous origin, an authority supported by visible miracles. It was upon this issue that Transcendentalism tried its new-fledged wings, with Emerson as its natural leader. The movement began in a small club of eager-hearted young men, meeting in Boston, who soon became known as "Transcendentalists." According to Dr. Hedge, who was one of them, they were ignorant of Kant's philosophy, they were not in search of a philosophy, but they were religious enthusiasts bent on some kind of reform, and on some means of getting

outside the bars of customary formality. Dr. James Freeman Clarke says they called themselves "the club of the like-minded, because no *two*, even, thought alike."

They seem to have been drawn together by a common impatience of intellectual fetters, by a desire, at least, to knock off the boards from some of the many social and theological fences. They were all impatient at finding circles drawn with a given radius, and they wanted infinite circles, or as Emerson said, "lines like the great circles in astronomy, each of which in what direction soever it be drawn contains the whole sphere." The transcendental seems (at least, to some of them) to have been whatever lay beyond the traditional belief to which commonplace, sensible people conformed; and so, as Cabot puts it, the public in revenge called all who pretended to look beyond the bounds of established opinion Trancendentalists, and the little coterie of Boston Liberal Reformers, "The Transcendental Club."

But it could not be that only a negative reason held them together; their first publication, *The Dial*, was not designed so much for expressing dissent from existing customs, as for bold affirmations of any startling, unusual, or unconventional proposal; and these were based chiefly upon a reverence for individual intuition. Freeman Clarke says it was this reverence for individual intuition that it was Emerson's mission to teach. "Commonplace as it is now," says Mr. Clarke, "it was then very necessary." But many of his fellow Transcendentalists picking up his watchword of "Revere your intuitions," ran crazy with it, and were ready to fall down and worship any boneless sentiment that was credited to *intuition* and which bore to calm eyes very plain indications of being no product of sane reason. This is the sort of thing that found a place in *The Dial*: "Believe, youth, that your heart is an oracle, the prophet of the soul. Great is the heart. Do not *choose*. Choice is apostacy. The pure soul is above choice. Reason is but the *left hand* of instinct." When prose could not rise high enough above its old associations of reason, they jingled off into verse such as this:

> "Hail, thou mother earth!
> Who gave me thy worth
> For my portion at birth;
> I walk in thy azure,
> Unfond of erasure."*

> "Nay, if we judged aright, this glorious *all*
> Which fills like thought our never doubting eyes,
> Might with its firm built grandeur rise and fall
> Before one ray of soul realities." †

There was much talk of acting oneself out regardless of all established regulations. "Everybody was to rise. All were to live in a way of which they knew nothing except that it was in every respect the contrary of that in which they did live." People complained that Transcendentalism unfitted their sons for business without making them fit for anything else. Mr. Alcott claiming to renounce the burdens as well as the privileges of society, allowed himself to be imprisoned rather than pay taxes. But these were the extravagances of the movement. There was a good deal more vaporing and sentimental rhetoric than there was action, for, as Cabot remarks, the "Puritan blood held its own and refused to run in unlawful channels." But Emerson, as the prince of this revival, sets up a far nobler purpose, although few of his contemporaries grasped it for themselves, or seemed able to take it from him. Still Emerson was responsible for a good many of the vagaries.

If Emerson was anything he was *in*definite, and so, readily misunderstood. But more than that, he seems at times actually to suggest the very absurdities that brought ridicule upon the Transcendental movement,—as when he says: "I hope we have heard the last of consistency." "I must be true to myself of *to-day*, though I contradict myself of yesterday." "No law is sacred but my own." "I will never apologize more."

He plunges at times into a mysticism

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* "The Dial," published by Weeks, Jordan & Co., Boston, 1840. Vol. I., p. 232.
† Ibid. Vol. II., p. 48.

as bewildering as that of any Persian Sofi, or Hindoo Brahmin, as where he says: "The act of seeing and the thing seen, the seer and the spectacle, the subject and object, are one."

These perhaps were the ecstatic expressions of an exhilarated enthusiasm. Emerson seems never to have acted upon them. He never opposed his own to the established law, he was excessively modest, always ready to apologize for want of manners or cordiality, although the most polite and sweet-tempered of men; and as to setting up a standard of truth for every separate day, his whole life was patient, unwearying, consistent effort in the path he laid out for himself. Returning to give an address before his old friends of the Second Church, Boston (1844), he says: "I do not find in the years that have elapsed since I stood here, any new variety of thought, but only an establishment of the leading belief of my youth."

When the Brook-Farm enterprise was started, visionary, impracticable, though inspired by a noble madness, Emerson stayed by his own work, and continued, as he expresses it "the degradation of owning bank-stock." He had sympathy with the *aims* of Ripley, Alcott, Margaret Fuller, but, though strongly urged to join them, he felt, he says, that they were only "divine lotus eaters," and that his work was not with them.

This goes, I think, to show that whatever his followers', Emerson's *own* transcendental views did not set him to "run amuck against the world." We ought never to get away from the restraining grace of common sense, he said. He felt the deep reality of life as it is, and declared that this life delights to bring the problem of the Transcendentalists to the *reductio ad absurdum.* "We try to be Transcendentalists and instantly run in debt, lie, steal, go mad, and die." His aim was a Transcendentalism *effective*, possible, with its centers in the centers of actual life. If in this effort he had to be an iconoclast, he was, as Dr. Holmes says, "without a hammer; he took down our idols from their pedestals so tenderly it seemed like an act of worship." In his essay on "Nature," regarded as the manifesto of Transcendentalism, we get an idea of the kind of movement foreshadowed in Emerson's own mind, the "beatific vision that hovered alluringly, yet in poetic distance before his eyes." "Nature was the realization of the Divine mind. Man was not only a part, but *shared the cause*; and in virtue of that, when he submitted his will to the divine inspiration, man became himself a creator in the finite." "Build therefore your own world, the pure ideal in your mind will unfold its grand proportions as fast as you conform your life little by little to it." Influx of spirit was the revolution needed, and what Emerson protested against was the *stagnation* of this spirit around old *emblems* of faith. "We too often get a rule that is convenient, and then we shut ourselves up in it, stop thinking, and appeal to reason to justify us." We must resist this sleep of the spiritual faculties, we must remember that all conclusions here can only be provisional; the health of the soul depends on spiritual receptivity.

This was a grand idealism, attracting about it many of the brightest personalities and clearest intellects of the day, far oversetting the ridicule brought upon Transcendentalism by its more erratic, less balanced followers. The younger Unitarian ministers, seeing their denomination debilitated from long controversy, forced into tediously spun out doctrinal discussions, were now hungering for noble aims, lofty sentiment, ideal aspirations, into which to throw themselves and recover an enthusiasm apparently dying out of their cause. In Transcendentalism they found that which awakened their fervent zeal. A few of these men left their denomination to embrace wholly this new sentiment; but it was not so to be embraced; it evaded organization, it was in itself *only* a sentiment, not a religion, not a philosophy, not a cause. But it gave to Unitarianism, and to those then growing up in the Unitarian liberal spirit, a loftier range of thought and feeling.

O. B. Frothingham says, "Transcendentalism had all the chief qualifications for a gospel," but though it had among its friends such names as Emerson, Margaret Fuller, Parker, Sumner, Bancroft, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Alcott, Hedge, Bartol, and many another, it passed over like a wave of heat, giving up itself as it passed. Count D' Alviella, the Belgian critic, affirms that "it overshot itself, in that not content with affirming the importance of recurring to internal observation as against experience, it professed to find infallible perception of religious truth in the human soul."* But in Emerson it certainly was nothing so conceited as this, with him it was not towards self revelation, but towards reception of the Divine Spirit, that Transcendentalism led.

It seems to me that the simile I used just now, gives us a better clue to why Transcendentalism died; it was like a wave of heat, it had nothing in its constitution to prevent diffusion. It could not be organized, it could only inspire. Its tendency was to make each individual become a church by himself. It had the "hidden word," and helped to kindle the "brightening light" in our religious faith, but it missed the method by revealing its inspiration, it missed the living work, "the active spirit." It never joined hands to gather in the harvest. It lived too much for itself, and so, seeking its own life, it *lost* it.

THEODORE PARKER, 1810–1860.

Born at Lexington, Mass. Entered Harvard, studying at home and going up to Cambridge for examination only, 1830. Entered Divinity School, Cambridge, 1834. Ordained pastor of Unitarian Church in Roxbury, Mass., 1837. Preached in Boston the famous sermon on "The Transient and Permanent in Christianity," 1841. Traveled in Europe, 1844. Resigned Roxbury pastorate and became minister to the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society of Boston, preaching in the Melodeon, 1845. In ill health, visited West Indies and then Europe, 1859. Died in Florence, 1860.†

That the quickening heat born in the bosom of Transcendentalism should reach the people, an *orator* was needed. That through all the mysticism its "heart of truth" should pulse into the veins of common life, an *enthusiast* must appear. That the new vision should impress itself upon the visible world, a bold *reformer* must arise. All these was Theodore Parker. If Emerson had been the philosopher, the seer, the source of the new movement, Parker was its proclaimer, its devotee, its realist. Not a metaphysician, not a profound thinker, but with prodigious memory, enormous mental appetite, inexhaustible energy, and fulness of life, he carried to the people not only denunciation of the dying creeds, but the magnificent affirmations of the purer faith.

Emerson had made revelations, Parker preached them. Emerson had cried, "Leave behind you all conformity," and Parker left it behind.

He was extravagant, rude, uncompromising, but popular, eloquent, and unfettered. He was not held in check by a scrupulously discriminating or analytic mind, but roughly formulated out of the dawning of a new philosophy a practical "scheme of faith" which seemed to him to include all that was essential for a rational religion. It was not the great circle of Emerson. It was not all-inclusive. Nor did it run in the direction of the follies of pure Transcendentalism. It was Parkerism, it was the religious consciousness of this particular man formulated into popular speech. It had the advantage of compactness, and gave clear standing ground from which to direct the battery of his rhetoric. He proclaimed three fundamental religious axioms which are to be accepted as first principles incapable of discussion. They were "*instinctive intuitions:*" first, "God;" second, "the moral law;" third, "man's immortality." These three universal ideas, Parker proclaimed as facts, necessary realities, and from them expanded his plan of religious thought, entirely independent of any other revelation than such as he himself received; that is to say,

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*"Contemporary Evolution of Religious Thought." Count Goblet D' Alviella. Translated by J. Moden. p. 184.

†Important works: "Discourse of Matters Pertaining to Religion." Putnams, N. Y. "Prayers." Roberts Bros., Boston. "Lessons from the World of Matter and the World of Man." Colegrove Book Co., Chicago. Complete edition of his works in fourteen volumes. Trübner & Co., London.

cutting adrift from all historical relations.

This was the great point of offense to the Unitarians of that day. Parker's religion isolated the great principles of religion from Christianity. It was in vain the Unitarians claimed that but for Christianity Parker would never have received the noble, religious instincts that permeated his teaching. He claimed that they were inherent, absolute, and common to all humanity. On the other hand his absolute appeal to individual conscience, regardless of all authority, powerfully attracted many of all classes who, like himself, were natural non-conformists. Parkerism was a departure from Unitarianism, for it was an attempt to leap out of the line of progress of Christianity; but it powerfully assisted that advance. Many of the outgrown beliefs still clinging to Unitarian thought, which the philosophy of Emerson had disproved but not disposed of, the vigorous oratory and fervid enthusiasm of Parker shook to the ground. He attacked the lingering belief that the authority for the teaching of Jesus was in miracles, rather than in the fact that his teaching was true to our own knowledge of what is right, true to our ideal of absolute religion. To be religious, a man must feel religious; nothing else will do. Parker declared,—no *acceptance*, no conformity can give him that reality. To accept religion on the authority of miracles would no more make a man religious than "fragments of sermons and leaves of the Bible would make a lamb religious when mixed and eaten with its daily food."

He felt a prevalent coldness in the idea of God, and he poured out the fulness of his own God-full heart in a stream of living love, till his hearers knew that God indeed lived now in men, as he had ever done. "Neither the loveliness of nature," he cried, "nor the joy of genius, nor the sweet breathing of congenial hearts that make delicious music as they beat, neither one nor all of these can equal the joy of the religious soul that is at one with God."

He appealed with perfect confidence to the great heart of humanity to be religious on the lines of its own individual inspiration. As J. W. Chadwick says: "To him [Parker] belongs the honor of being the first great *expounder* of the truth that religion can be safely trusted to the natural genius of mankind unassisted by any supernatural interruption of the eternal laws of matter and spirit."*

We shall see how Unitarian thought moved by the impulse of Transcendentalism, assimilating the intellectual contributions of Emerson and Parker, grows up into the clearer light of new truth without tearing its roots from their firm hold upon the past.

FREDERICK B. MOTT.

Salem, Mass.

TEXTS.

Words of Scripture which, one hundred years ago, were the bright and sufficient weapons of polemicists have in the past fifty years fallen into disuse. But the most sturdy among them have suffered nothing from men's abstention. They come forth to-day with a keener edge, as do razors and other tools of quality which are sometimes granted a short, necessary parole. I have no new exegesis to offer these ancient passages, but we all rejoice in the "new light breaking out of God's word," for which our modern knowledge and methods furnish the "beaten oil." The text from Matthew xx., 16, is one which shines anew,—"Many be called, but few chosen." It buttressed the doctrines of Calvinism weary years, and was a great gun frowning from the breastworks of that now obsolete pessimism. It sent its cannon balls along the line with heavy roar—"narrow is the way which leadeth unto life and few there be which find it"—while over the dolorous conflict, on Windham's dreary, minor notes, the cannoneers, with their assistants, wailed the chorus through a "vale of tears":

> "Wisdom shows a narrow path
> With here and there a traveler."

In my own recent ministry, an old

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* Unitarian Review, Vol. 14, page 234. Article: "Theodore Parker."

lady, in her ninth decade, a verbal literalist, declined all interest in religious ideas and all comfort in sorrow, declaring she had never been "called," quoting against me John vi., 44: "No man can come to me except the Father draw him." She went on to the end in the most sullen, set fashion, albeit she dwelt on the top of the world, among tower-like hills, where the great steeple of Monadnock shot up its stony spire above the cathedral woods and all emulative elevations; and the morning's breath, fragrant with pine and hemlock, accompanied by mountain winds and waterfalls, cried continuously the ancient psalm: "The mighty God, the Lord, hath called the earth from the rising of the sun unto the going down thereof."

But to-day, latest science clasps hands with ancient inspiration, the word reveals a broader horizon, and we see in our text a glorification of the fact that in isolated places, here and there, we find the selected soul, the choice spirit; that numbers are not necessarily divine; that often it is because there are "two or three gathered together" that God is in their midst; that great popularity is sometimes a notification of moral flatulence, and that the chosen are generally the disregarded of their time. *Many* are "called," and called to life more and more abundantly. Of the throngs which followed Jesus, the "many" who believed on him, he chose only twelve disciples. Gideon, the warrior of Israel, had long before summoned a great army and then chosen from them the dauntless ones. And in our day, the winnowing word of Italian Garibaldi ran through the ranks like the flame of a refiner's fire, till slender weeds of fear, and frail scions of flowery vanity and all stalking greed with its poison blossoms, went down before it, leaving grim strength to be organized into inevitable victory. "Many are called," "Other sheep have I which are not of this fold," said Jesus to the apostolic shepherds about him. Did not Dante, Milton, Shakespeare wait long for their audiences? Have not Emerson and Browning so waited in later days? Yet the call, in each case, was a divine one to the lost sheep of the house of Israel, to "every creature." The individual always leads, society follows soon or late. Civilizations and religions are the fruit of the sometimes much delayed union. We are to be suspicious of ourselves when in perfect accord with a great party in state or church. "Beware, when all men speak well of you." When our way seems easy, when there is no call in our principles, or belief, for self-denial or endurance, when looking far down the road we can descry no foe on the dusty way, and all is quiet, as it was in years agone on that fateful Potomac where the call was for more men and more, and none were chosen to advance, then let us beat the alarm drum around the tent of our conscience, for self-complacency and stagnation are not well. The world is redeemed by minorities. We are called to opportunities, but individually must make our election sure. Unpopularity, lack of applause, paucity of numbers, fears of failure, the cross, composed of the opposition and misrepresentation of this world, are indications and accompaniments of superior quality. The few are the chosen.

Other texts, temporarily retired from service, do not grow old. John x., 30, —"I and my Father are one,"—once thought most crushing to Unitarians, is now seen as a heralding word of the liberal faith. God and man close together, the son *dwelling* evermore in the bosom of the Father, involved, working as one, so near that we stand close up to Jesus and beckon others, say humanity is son of God, look for the spirit's likeness, believe we shall find it, put this prop under discouraged philanthropies and dilapidated missionary boards, hesitate about giving definitions lest we cripple faith again, begin to hope all things, since our elder brother could say, "I and my Father are one."

Then there are the words, John iii., 7,—"Ye must be born again,"—trite in hymn and orthodox sermon, but true. No longer is this text the long lash of the gospel whip shot out from the pulpit over the most reluctant sinners farthest removed from the altar. No

longer is it a threat or a dogma. Now it is a calm, religious, and scientific fact; religious and scientific, I say, foreseeing the time when every fact shall be bounded on the north by philosophy, on the east by science, on the south by morality, and on the west by religion. All knowledge must come at last and be transfigured in a united or one-tied faith. The thread of love will bind all spiritual activities together. To-day all see that our life is a process of new births, a constant becoming. We are born of the spirit, of mystery, of unseen influences. We know not what shall be with us or in us on the morrow, but even now the gestation of thought goes on in our minds, which shall make the world of our next decade new to us, one we have not seen, and, more marvelous yet, ourselves different spirits in the new world, no longer sympathizing with or knowing friends, tasks, faiths, of the past, seeing, greeting new faces and diviner work. Ye *must* be born again, or shrivel, die, go into a chrysalis retreat. The thousand births of Buddhism are facts for all of us, the advancing and retreating blossoms of our garden-patches, symbols of our reincarnations. The earth holds us too, as it does the root. Round this bulb of heaven the clay is moulded indifferently, of one blood, cement, all on the surface of the earth, but oh, how various the inward growths which clothe this surface clay, how different the frequency or rarity of the blooming, how wonderful always the new birth, sure to be fragrant and fair!

These few texts must sufficiently illustrate the fact that they are only representatives of a large body. To rescue them from their early, vicious surroundings, and give to each and all their legitimate setting is to serve the word of God by making it at home with its contemporaries. The list could be much lengthened, but your space and the reader's time cannot. "The word of God is not bound," and the striking texts of the Bible belong as much to us as to any.

A. C. Nickerson.

Exeter, N. H.

THE FALL OF THE RACE IN ADAM.

Believing as we do in the divine wisdom and goodness, Liberal Christians cannot accept the doctrine of the Fall of the Race; for it seems to us that it impugns the moral character of God.

We all know what the doctrine is,—we have heard it preached and taught all around us all our lives.

God created Adam and Eve and placed them in the Garden of Eden, having planned for them immunity from all evil and suffering, and unspeakable and eternal happiness in this world. But from envy, and jealousy, and hatred, a great evil being whom God also created, and who had previously attempted to wrest from the Almighty the jurisdiction of his kingdom, entered Eden in the form of a serpent, and tempted Adam and Eve not only to their own ruin, but to the corruption and ruin of the entire human family, subjecting them to the wrath and curse of God forever.

We reject the doctrine for the following reasons:

1. Science makes it altogether improbable that Adam and Eve were created as it is popularly supposed they were. If the doctrine of Evolution, now accepted by the leading thinkers of the world, is true, it is entirely certain that they were not thus created.

2. If the doctrine of Evolution is true, it is almost certain that the entire human family did not originate with Adam and Eve, but rather, as one scientist puts it, there must have been a dozen Adams; in which case the doctrine in question utterly fails. And the hypothesis that the human family originated at different times and places, and so had a various parentage, explains many facts which hitherto have greatly puzzled the critical student of human history and of diverse human peculiarities.

3. To us, it is entirely clear that an infinitely wise and good God would not, and could not, have created such a being as the devil is represented to be, and turned him loose to dispute the divine sovereignty, thwart the divine plans, and deceive, torment, and ruin the human family. What father would allow a profane, lying, drunken, licentious, yet

fascinating, human devil to associate with his children and tempt them to their utter destruction?

4. According to this doctrine God was circumvented, defeated, and compelled to change his base and begin anew, and for thousands of years he has been ineffectually striving to recover what he lost by the first stroke of his arch enemy; the devil has snatched from the divine hand the reins of government, and today the kingdom of God is in ruins. Mr. Moody, the most successful living revivalist, who has been endorsed by the great orthodox denominations of the country, says: "This world is a wreck and is bound to sink. The most that we can do is to get off as many as possible of her passengers and crew, and *let her go.*" Now is it not as clear as a sunbeam that Mr. Moody, and all who agree with him, worship and serve either a malignant God who *planned* to wreck the world and the human race, or a defeated, disappointed, incompetent and dishonored God who was no match for the devil?

In our terrible civil war, we learned from sad experience that a commander who had once been surprised, routed, and driven from his own chosen ground, his soldiers slain and his ammunition captured, could not again be trusted, as he could give no assurance that in the next emergency a similar disaster would not await him. If persons wish me to believe and trust in God, they must not tell me that he has once been completely out-generaled by the devil, and has not yet recovered from the immeasurable disaster.

5. We reject this doctrine because the penalty it inflicts is appallingly, infinitely disproportioned to the crime said to have been committed. If a small boy, arrested for stealing an apple, were sentenced to imprisonment for life in a dark cell, and to subsistence upon bread and water, that sentence could not be executed, nor could the judge rendering it retain his office, so irrepressible would be the moral indignation that would be excited in the community. And yet even such a sentence for such a crime is but a drop to the ocean, in comparison with the eternal damnation of uncounted millions — as the result of two persons eating once of forbidden fruit.

These are some of the reasons why Liberal Christians cannot accept the orthodox doctrine of the Fall of the Race in Adam.

ELI FAY, D. D.

Los Angeles, Cal.

THE MISSION OF A CHURCH.

In conversation with a very thoughtful gentleman, the other day, the question came up, "What is the mission of a church?" and my friend inclined to the idea that the churches were all going wrong, that they had become antiquated, they did not fill the want of the present time. He said they did not help people socially and financially as they ought. He said the great needs of this day were, for the poor, bread and house-rent, and for all men, social recognition; and the churches should devote themselves to those practical needs.

With all deference to men who are older and wiser, I must beg leave to make a correction. The supreme object of a church is not sociality nor almsgiving. God forbid that I should even seem to deprecate the work of charity, but the Church should not become a charity association. The Church has a work to do that is just as definite as the work which the public schools or the colleges have to do, and who would advocate the turning of our colleges into institutions whose main business it should be to collect and distribute funds to the poor? Church people above all should be charitable, given to hospitality, and every ministration of the Church should inspire them with an increased devotion to the work of all charitable associations; but the Church should not become an organized charity.

Church people should also be social, kindly-affectioned toward one another and toward all men. God's house should be the home of all. Every man should be made to feel welcome there and made to feel his brotherhood with every worshiping soul. Cordiality, fraternity, simple, pure, unrestrained fellowship

should be one of the graces developed by all religious teaching and by all acts of worship, but the Church should have a vastly higher and nobler aim than sociality. It ought to be a place where any man can find friends, where any bowed soul shall be met with love and sympathy, where any sufferer shall be substantially assisted; but charity and fellowship are the flowers and the fruits which grow spontaneously in good soil, and the work of the Church is to *form the soil* out of which these and all other virtues will grow.

The mission of the Church is two-fold: to impart right ideas of God, and to inspire men with ideal principles. When a church sets before itself any more specifically practical aim, it will fail of its highest mission and its largest usefulness. When it becomes simply an entrance into good society, a place merely to have a good time and get acquainted; or when it becomes so purely *humanitarian* as to draw the masses toward it only for the sake of the loaves and fishes, it has fallen from its divine purpose. In our devotion to the stream we must not forget the source. The mountains of Africa give Egypt her all-blessed Nile. There is a diviner principle out of which humanitarianism flows. We must first learn to say *Our* Father before we can grasp the stranger or the enemy by the hand and say "*my* brother."

The fountain-principle of human character is the sense of sanctity, the worship of God. All other thoughts aside, we need to gather in our temples of praise and fix our minds on the Object of our perfect adorations. In this intensely practical age, as never before in the world's history, men need the sense and the practice of worship. In these hurrying weeks of toil and propriety our spirits get starved for a glimpse of Heaven and a taste of the Infinite companionship. The devotional element in our nature cries out for breath, or it sinks and suffocates. God seems far away and our immortal souls are orphaned. We need the song of praise, the earnest prayer, the reverent posture of body and soul, the blest vision of worlds beyond the tide. We cannot live entirely in our earth work; we must be lifted, now and then, above the clouds, those mists which rise from earth, into the eternal sunlight. We are dimly conscious that we are citizens also of the higher realm, and we must breathe deep breaths in its serene atmosphere.

We feel that over us and underneath us is the working of a marvelous providence, full of beauty and blessing, and we long to cultivate the spirit of gratitude. We want to feel that the Sabbath is more sacred than other days, that the house of prayer is more holy than other places, that its services are canopied with celestial benedictions. We want to leave behind us all common thoughts, and sanctify ourselves, and dwell for one brief hour in that world of ineffable peace and music—the world of self-forgetfulness and praise.

The other work of the Church is to preach Christ, to lift up the ideal man. The glory of our preaching is its idealism. "Be ye perfect even as your Father in Heaven is perfect." Call it impracticable; say we cannot attain to it; but that alone is food for the spirit. Of *practical* motives we have a plenty. On every tomato-can and box of bird-seed I find better pictures than I can ever hope to make, but they do not feed my sense of the beautiful. All the shop windows are crowded with statuettes, but one Venus de Milo will do more for art than a world full of defective imitations. We shall never sing like Patti or play like Paganini or Liszt, but what a lifetime inspiration is one entrancing hour in such presence! However poor our skill, our conception mounts aloft till it demands perfectness. Even in the skill of living righteously, the deed must be fed by the vision, and the vision must be charmed by the faultless.

We are surfeited with a morality that is "practical"—there is inspiration and life alone in the ideal. In the true sense it is for us by a thousand fold the more practical.

If I could ever be convinced that Jesus did not live as perfectly as the picture of life in the Gospels, still I should cling to that perfect picture as

the hope of the world. That kindness universal, that charity that could not be dimmed, that humility as white as the lilies of the field, that devotion which rose toward heaven as naturally as the perfume of flowers, that love of truth and love of man as clear as noonday, that integrity which neither death nor shame could move from its purpose, that holiness of thought and feeling which constitute our dearest estimate of God himself,—that is the theme for pulpits, now and forever. These divine human qualities, these perfections, the Church exists to teach. High above, ineffable, enrapturing, let that picture of absolute goodness be ever held.

The united worship of God, the preaching of moral idealism, can only be perpetuated by the Church. That is its supreme work. All other work is incidental. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness." When the doctor puts you in perfect health you are ready for any and all labor. When the college has equipped your mind you are ready for any position. When the Church inspires us with a longing for perfectness and lifts us into the atmosphere of worship we are ready for any duty, for any sorrow—ready to live or to die.—*W. S. Crowe in "The Universalist Record."*

THE VALUE OF CHARITY ORGANIZATION.

For the first time in the history of the world, we are getting a kind of charity work, on a large scale, which is at once wise and kind, really effective in helping those who need help, and, at the same time, not productive of pauperism. The words "Associated Charities," and "Charity Organization," are coming of late to be somewhat familiar, and the public is becoming, in a general way, aware that in Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago, and many of our leading cities, societies called by these names exist, having for their object the reforming of charity methods and the bringing about of such a state of things that our charities generally shall cease to be curses and become blessings. There is as yet, however, in the popular mind, only a very inadequate knowledge of what these societies really are, and in many quarters there is even prejudice against them. This is unfortunate, for they are unquestionably among the very best institutions of our day. They are no longer experiments; there are no principles in social science more thoroughly established than those upon which they are working; and in every place where they have been thoroughly tried they have proved their practicability and value. Nor are they adapted only to the largest cities. Of late they have been coming into operation in some of our smaller cities, and with excellent promise, although the need of them is probably most pressing in our greatest centers of population.

A report which lies before us, made by one of the Agents of the Chicago Charity Organization Society, gives a vivid and instructive picture of the actual working results of that Society, —showing how it thwarts and hunts out and destroys professional pauperism in Chicago, and at the same time how it finds the really needy, and in numberless ways reaches out the friendly hand to help such, and lift them up into self-help. The account is as interesting as a story. A few of the cases which the Agent cites are as follows:

The perplexities which are daily poured into the sympathetic ears of the representative of the Charity Organization Society are appalling; trials and sorrows untold he is required to listen to and relieve.

Now one comes, blind, asking for money for a peddling (begging) outfit. He is urged by us to go to the school for the blind to learn some useful trade, as did a fellow in like distress some time ago.

Next it is a young woman whose betrothed entices her away from home with the promise of marriage upon their arrival at Chicago. Fickle and false, he attempts to escape his obligation, having however first ruined her. Still the strong arm of the law set him right, but after a two months of wedded life she finds herself deserted and penniless in a strange city. Her urgent plea is to be sent home to the always open arms of a mother's love. By the courtesy of the president of the great Northwestern Road she is landed safely, a very grateful woman, in the home of her childhood.

Again it is a couple of sisters, the younger of which is dying with a cancer, the older

being her nurse. Death alone is to separate the teachers who have taken for fifty long years life's bitter and sweet together. Gladly a daughter of wealth makes herself, at our suggestion, responsible for the support of the worthy sisters. After a month's devoted and most delicate attention she is relieved of her burden, as the weary one has gone to her long rest.

Another time it is the wife and mother of a humble but honest family. Not forsaking her faith in God, she is fast losing its necessary counterpart—faith in her fellow men, especially those more blessed with this world's goods. Her husband, through the natural operations of our competitive wage system, has been crowded out by younger and more active men; sickness has also entered the household, and pinching want. The church and friends, all comparatively poor, have done all they can do—no more. The former employer is seen by the woman, the more energetic member of the two. On business principles the man can not, of course, be reinstated, as he has outgrown his usefulness, but on the agent's presentation of the case "on account of charity," even the largest shops of the city opened to prove that some capitalists are capable of rising superior to purely money-making motives in the management of their business.

A lad of fifteen asks for a pittance from one of Chicago's wealthiest citizens. Instead he is given a ticket introducing him to the North Side office. All unknown to him a letter is addressed to his father, a man of means, but it comes back in a few days marked, "Returned to sender—can not be found." In a few days the boy comes back with another name and story. Again a letter is sent to his father. This, too, is "returned to sender." With still another name and story, but this time in tears and truly repentant, the lad comes a third time. His chum is in the Bridewell for six months, and he is starved and almost naked, and thoroughly sick of the whole business. "Would you write once more?" he says in pleading tones. Within the last week he has beat his way to Pittsburgh and back in box cars, but he dares not return to an, as he fancies, unforgiving father, since on leaving he confesses to having stolen considerable sums of money. His father is again written to, with the result of an earnest invitation to the prodigal to come home, and a $10 money order for ticket, etc. He goes, and the office receives, in a few days, word of his safe arrival.

One family, pinched and starving, though aided for ten years by county, and church, and relief society, are helped along a few months with work, and otherwise. But when it is evident that their poverty is chronic and so degrading in its moral effect that the children go to the bad as they grow up, the consumptive father is prevailed on to go to live with the Little Sisters in their Home for the Aged, the overworked and now aged mother is welcomed in the home of her daughter, and the boys, to escape the fate of their worthless elder brothers, go to the Industrial School; and, though a family is broken up, its individual members are happier and their atmosphere morally wholesome, and there is in Chicago one less of those dingy, dirty, poverty-stricken hovels which are the cancerous spots of our civilization, and which are so prolific in breeding crime and vice of every description. However, it was a cure by amputation, not healing, as the root of the social disease lies deeper than it is possible for "charity" to reach in every case.

One strong and cheery Irish woman, willing and honest as the day is long, whose husband, promoted from the wages of Ireland to those of $3 and $4 a day in Chicago, still thought he would improve himself by going to California, landing in the hospital there, left her penniless with her children on her hands. She asks for work, is sent to a lady needing a laundress. But she does not know the first thing of decent family washing and ironing; still she is willing, and struggles through two days' work, and is paid liberally. The ends of scientific charity are conserved—help to self-help. But what is really of more value still, a woman of influence and social standing is won over to what was advocated at the last conference of charity workers, the establishment of a laundry where such women can be given work, and taught to do it properly. This, if established, for instance in connection with the Industrial School of Unity Church, would eliminate from the problem of charity, able-bodied women, just as the woodyard of the Charity Organization Society solves the problem for all able-bodied men.

These cases, cited from the report of the Chicago Agent, give a glimpse at the actual working of our charity organization societies, not only in that city, but wherever such societies are in effective operation, and show how quiet, but many-sided, penetrating, and invaluable is their work.

The object of charity organization may be stated in brief to be as follows:

1. To reduce vagrancy and pauperism, and ascertain their true causes.
2. To prevent indiscriminate and duplicate giving.
3. To secure the community from imposture.
4. To see that all deserving cases of destitution are properly relieved.
5. To make employment the basis of relief.
6. To elevate the home-life, health, and habits of the poor.
7. To prevent children from growing up as paupers.

And all this it seeks to accomplish by certain means, viz.:

By bringing about co-operation among all Charitable agencies;

By a system of registration to prevent imposture;

By securing thorough investigation and the most suitable action in all cases;

By obtaining from existing Charities the precise help needed: or

By giving relief when immediate aid is needed, and when all other sources fail;

By a system of visiting which shall substitute friendliness for alms, and inspire to thrift, self-respect, and better modes of life;

By careful study of the causes of pauperism, and of the best methods of dealing with destitution and degradation.

The Chicago Agent closes his report by saying:

It may be of interest to some to know that in this city, as elsewhere, there are young men who are approaching these great problems of charity reform, and the cure and prevention of pauperism, from the stand-point of close daily observers. Single minded and earnest as any specialists, they are making them subjects of scientific study, not merely through books or collated statistics, but by casting themselves into the swift currents of the life about them, seeing with their own eyes and testing with their own hands,—nor neglecting to compare notes at the National Conference of Charities and Correction.

Certainly this is a work to which there is a call for young men, and young women too, of the very highest abilities and training. And we know of no way in which such can make themselves more powerfully felt for the drying up of the streams of evil and suffering in the world, and the elevation of humanity.

THOUGHTS ABOUT GOD.

II.

"God is love."—I. John, iv., 8.

Love is of God, without him there is no love. Love is pure, holy, and elevating in essence and effect, for God is love. It fills the soul with peace and joy. It is all-pervading and cannot be defined or prescribed by boundaries, just as God is without measurement or limitation. If love fill the heart to running over, its blessings then radiate and shed a sweet benediction upon all about us; but without such fulness, no such divine contagion of influence is felt by those we meet. It must abound in the measure that Jesus gave: Toward God with all the heart and mind and soul, and toward our brother man with no selfish limitation. This is God,—the love that fills and keeps the universe and saves the souls of all men. Such love is the only purifier of the waters of selfishness, that most contaminated of all the streams preservative of life. O, sweet love of God, dear God of love, purify me, lead me, save me!

A. P. B.

MRS. LIVERMORE'S WORK DURING THE CIVIL WAR.

Our Civil War belongs to the past, but for those who lived and died for the principles represented in that struggle there should ever burn in the heart of the nation a grateful remembrance and a hallowed pride. Memories of the heroism of the great leaders of the war have been sufficiently kept alive; but of the heroism displayed by private soldiers, by devoted men and women on battle-fields, in camps and hospitals, and at home, too little has been written.

Feeling that there was this deficiency in our histories, and that she had "something to say in behalf of the common soldiers, most of them veritable Philip Sidneys in their heroism and unselfishness, and of that noble army of women who worked untiringly for the right," Mrs. Mary A. Livermore has, after so many years, yielded to the urgent requests of many friends and written "My Story of the War."*

The story consists largely of the personal experience of the author, who, during the four years of the struggle, devoted unsparingly her time, money, and energies to helping in the relief work of the North; a work which now held her days and nights at her post in the Commission rooms, now brought her to battle-fields, camps and hospitals, now into consultation with the leading spirits of the nation, and now to anxious people all over the North.

With a father in whom love of country was a passion, it was not strange that such patriotism should have inspired

*"My Story of the War." By Mary A. Livermore. Hartford, Conn.: A. D. Worthington & Co. Price, $3.25.

Mrs. Livermore. When the war broke out, she was at Boston, where she saw the incoming of New England's volunteers, and found a new meaning in her country's flag. Her life for the next four years was outlined in her mental exclamation: "If it be a question of the supremacy of freedom or slavery underlying the war, then I pray God it may be settled now and by us, and not left to our children. And oh that I may be a hand, a foot, an eye, a voice, an influence, on the side of freedom and my country!"

It was such an outpouring of the spirit of patriotism and love on the part of the women of the nation that brought into existence Soldiers' Relief Societies, of one of which Mrs. Livermore was president. At first, ignorance and lack of combined effort made much of their work ineffectual. But, at length, "out of this chaos of individual benevolence and abounding patriotism, the Sanitary Commission emerged with its carefully elaborated plans and its marvelous system." Mrs. Livermore then became connected with the Chicago branch, or the "Northwestern Sanitary Commission," in which centered the whole relief work of the Northwest. In a noisy part of the city, in unpleasant rooms crowded with stores ready for shipment at a moment's call, she with three others directed the work and carried the chief part of the overwhelming burdens of that station. Here each day came drays loaded with supplies which had to be "assorted, stamped, repacked and reshipped;" here came members from subordinate societies, soldiers with every sort of need, nurses on their way to and from the front, people with money, with questions, with every imaginable errand; hither poured letters from all quarters. The close of the day would find the workers "wearied in body, exhausted mentally, and saturated with the passing streams of others' sorrows," but having, often, to continue their labors far into the night. Such was the daily strain that ceased only when peace came.

As soon as the demand for supplies lessened after the battle at Fort Donelson, Mrs. Livermore with Mrs. Hoge, her co-worker in Chicago, set out to visit the hospitals and medical headquarters to gain all the information that could further their preparations for future emergencies.

In St. Louis, Mrs. Livermore made her first visit to a military hospital. Its horrors overcame her, and after she had vainly tried three times to master herself, the surgeons advised her to try no more. "But," she thought, "was I to shrink from the sight of misery which these brave men were so nobly enduring? The thought was a tonic, and despising my weakness, I forced myself to remain in the ward without nausea or faintness. Never again were my nerves disturbed by any sight or sound of horror. I was careful to hold myself in iron control, until I had become habituated to the manifold shocking sights that are the outcome of the wicked business men call war."

The hospitals visited were, with one exception, miserable, badly located, and poorly managed. The task of reforming these places was now added to the work already in hand. The battle of Shiloh, which was soon after fought, made, also, a heavy draft upon the time and resources of the Commission, and hurried Mrs. Livermore back to Chicago.

The sore need of the United States Sanitary Commission in the autumn of 1862, occasioned by decrease in supplies and lack of confidence in its methods, of which the people knew little, brought about the "Woman's Council," in Washington. The wisdom of the plans then made was shown in their effects during the remainder of the war. After the Council adjourned, President Lincoln, who "seemed literally bending under the weight of his burdens," received the ladies in a body. They sought from him some word of encouragement to carry to their homes, but he had none to give. "The influence of this talk upon ourselves," writes Mrs. Livermore, "was too dispiriting for us to wish to extend its effect. It cost those of us who belonged to the Northwest a night's sleep. The condition of the country, the unsatisfactory military aspect,

the uneasiness of the people, the state of the army, all wore hues of midnight before our interview with the Chief Magistrate, and this had given them such additional gloom that we almost repented our visit to Washington." But the heaviness of their hearts did not dull their intellects, for there came into the minds of Mrs. Livermore and Mrs. Hoge the idea of the "Northwestern Soldiers' Fair," which later took shape and bore glorious results.

Mrs. Livermore spent a few days more at Washington, visiting the contraband camp, the soldiers' homes, and the hospitals in the vicinity, and then returned to Chicago to carry forward the recently formed plans.

In March, 1863, while the army of the North was before Vicksburg, trying to open the Mississippi, Mrs. Livermore went down the river as a member of a relief corps, having in charge a shipment of sanitary stores. Here she remained until the hospitals at these points were broken up. Her "own personal outfit consisted of a long pair of rubber boots, reaching to the knee, a teapot, a spirit lamp to boil it, with a large quantity of Japan tea, condensed milk, sugar and crackers."

Her experiences here in the hospitals and camps are, perhaps, the most interesting of any that were hers during the busy years of the war. Visiting every patient, if possible, delivering and taking messages, soothing, cheering, dispensing comforts,—thus the days were passed in Memphis and at most of the points below. At Lake Providence, the Mississippi had spread for miles over the country, and the men were surrounded by mud and water. Yet there was little sickness among them, and Mrs. Livermore found her chief work to consist in riding in an ambulance through never ending sloughs, breaking down once to the great amusement of the men. They were trying to get the ambulance out when General Logan rode up, and they answered his question of "What's the matter, boys?" with "Oh, the Sanitary Commission's got mired, that's all!" But at Milliken's Bend there were patients again, to every one of whom she sought to bring some comfort and cheer, if not to each one separately, then to all at once with assurances of the love and care of their friends and of God.

It was here, with the Chicago Mercantile Battery, thirty of whom were from her own church, that Mrs. Livermore spent her first night in camp. How the men gathered around her, a friend from home! How dear and pathetic, the memories of that meeting and the late talk with those "boys," many of whom she never saw again! Of that first night in camp, she says: "I was in the enemy's country—I heard the steady foot-fall of the guard past my tent, and the incessant booming of the great guns at Vicksburg, fifteen miles away. I had lived in an atmosphere of suffering ever since I left home; and all the visions of horror I had witnessed now danced about my sleepless pillow. Long before the drums beat the réveillé, or the myriad birds had finished their matins, I had made my ablutions in the three-legged iron skillet, given me for that purpose, and completed my toilet before the little six-by-ten inch looking glass."

Two days later Mrs. Livermore was down before "beleaguered Vicksburg, silent and dark as a dead city." She had been entrusted with many errands to General Grant, but after one brief interview with him, she felt that she had only one commission of sufficient importance for his attention—the discharge of twenty-one sick soldiers. In a second interview, alone, she earnestly urged her request, and on the following day was made happy with the papers that would let her take North these homesick and dying men.

There was then at this point a field hospital, where nearly two hundred men were lying sick and disheartened. Here she came with her cheering words and "homespun" teapot, as they called it, and spent three days among men who were showing far more bravery in patiently enduring these lingering illnesses in miserable hospitals, than they did in meeting a tragic death on the

field. With the most limited means she managed to arouse them, minister to their wants, and keep them in some degree of comfort until they were transferred to a better place.

Left free again, Mrs. Livermore visited an Illinois regiment in which she had friends. Now she found a very different phase of army life, with which the men said she was not quite satisfied, "as she had unfortunately found them all well instead of sick." Many interesting and thrilling details might be given of the days spent "down the river"; but, indeed, abundance of such could be added to every part of her history during the war.

Having finished its work, the relief corps of which she was a member, began a tedious and dangerous journey home on a boat loaded with horses and mules, contrabands, sick soldiers, and passengers. They found no discharge here from the work which had kept them busy all these days. Among others placed under Mrs. Livermore's special care was a little slave boy. It was a perilous undertaking to try to carry this boy into Chicago, for the "Black Laws" of Illinois were then in force. But stowing him away under her berth, which she kept until a late hour the following day, they passed, undiscovered, the borders of the State where the trains were searched, and got through safely.

Letters from all parts of the country were awaiting her at Chicago, urging her to visit the various places and tell her story of life at the front. She accepted the invitation of the Dubuque Aid Society, and reached there in spite of the swollen Mississippi, which she had to cross in a rowboat. To her dismay, she was met by the ladies with the information that she, who had hitherto addressed only women, had been advertised to speak before a large audience in which would be some of the most prominent men of Iowa. She positively refused to do it, and grew more decided as the ladies grew more urgent. But, at the last moment, she felt the force and saw the truth of all that had been urged upon her; and, with no other preparation than that made for addressing the Aid Society, she made her first public speech. As a result, quantities of relief stores were pledged that night, and an association was formed to get up a Sanitary Fair. From that time on, Iowa, generous in the giving of her sons, surpassed the other States in giving for their care. It is not strange that Mrs. Livermore should say: "With these results attending on my first speech, is it surprising that I have accepted the platform as powerful in the advocacy of a good cause, or in advancement of a great reform?"

In 1863, Mrs. Livermore and Mrs. Hoge revived the idea of the Northwestern Fair. The purpose they had in view was not only to replenish the treasury of the Commission, but to quicken the country and encourage the soldiers. In the face of languid approval, apathy, and positive discouragement, they planned and consulted and finally brought about the Fair. Its outcome was not merely satisfactory, but reached far beyond the boundaries of their hopes: they had hoped to raise twenty-five thousand dollars—the receipts were over one hundred thousand; the effect in rearousing the people and re-enlisting their sympathies ended only with the war.

Toward the close of the war a second great Northwestern Fair was planned. Mrs. Livermore and Mrs. Hoge again visited the larger cities of the East to "secure attractions," and were made happy by the promise of President and Mrs. Lincoln's attendance. Alas, for the country's hopes! President Lincoln was carried to a mourning Chicago only a month before the time the Northwest "had hoped to testify the almost idolatrous love it bore him."

Then came the close of the war and the disbanding of the troops. The nation hurried, with great longing, back to its pursuits of peace. This period of Mrs. Livermore's life was closed. It is hard to estimate and set forth the outward results of her service, and harder still to know the depths of that womanly love and sympathy that guided head and hand in all those labors.

Not the least of the merits of the his-

tory in which Mrs. Livermore tells in detail the thrilling story of her war experiences, is the full measure of appreciation she so heartily bestows upon all her noble co-workers. H. V. B.

ONE UPWARD LOOK EACH DAY.

SELECTIONS FROM JAMES MARTINEAU.

SUNDAY.

Divine Gifts.

In every earnest life, there are weary flats to tread, with the heavens out of sight,—no sun, no moon,—and not a tint of light upon the path below; when the only guidance is the faith of brighter hours, and the secret Hand we are too numb and dark to feel. But to the meek and faithful it is not always so. Now and then, something touches the dull dream of sense and custom, and the desolation vanishes away: the spirit leaves its witness with us: the divine realities come up from the past and straightway enter the present: the ear into which we poured our prayer is not deaf; the infinite eye to which we turned is not blind, but looks in with answering mercy on us. The mystery of life and the grievousness of death are gone: we know now the little from the great, the transient from the eternal. . . . Tell me not that these undulations of the soul are the mere instability of enthusiasm and infirmity. . . Ah no! those intermittent movements are the sign of divine gifts, not of human weakness. God has so arranged the chronometry of our spirits that there shall be thousands of silent moments between the striking hours.

MONDAY.

God's Aim for Us.

The aim which God assigns to us as our highest is indeed the direct reverse of that which we propose to ourselves. He would have us in perpetual conflict; we crave an unbroken peace. He keeps us ever on the march; we pace the green sod by the way with many a sigh for rest. He throws us on a rugged universe; our first care is to make it smooth. Every way he urges our reluctant will. He grows the thistle and the sedge, but expects us to raise the olive and the corn, having given us strength and skill for such an end. And after all, in spite of the inertia of their will, men are, in their inmost hearts, on the side of God, rather than their own, in this matter.

TUESDAY.

Our Lot Assigned by God.

If we listen to our self-love, we shall estimate our lot less by what it is, than by what it is not; shall dwell on its hindrances, and be blind to its possibilities; and, comparing it only with imaginary lives, shall indulge in flattering dreams of what we should do, if we had but power; and give, if we had but wealth; and be, if we had no temptations. We shall be forever querulously pleading our difficulties and privations as excuses for our unloving temper and unfruitful life; and fancying ourselves injured beings, virtually frowning at the dear Providence that loves us, and chafing with a self-torture which invites no pity. If we yield ouselves unto God, and sincerely accept our lot as assigned by him, we shall count up its contents, and disregard its omissions; and be it as feeble as a cripple's, and as narrow as a child's, shall find in it resources of good surpassing our best economy, and sacred claims that may keep awake our highest will.

WEDNESDAY.

Duty and Action.

It is surprising how practical duty enriches the fancy and the heart, and action clears and deepens the affections. Indeed, no one can have a true idea of right, until he does it; any genuine reverence for it, till he has done it often and with cost; any peace ineffable in it, till he does it always and with alacrity. Does any one complain, that the best affections are transient visitors with him? Oh, let him not go forth, on any strained wing of thought, in distant quest of them; but rather stay at home, and set his house in the true order of conscience; and of their own accord the divinest guests will enter.

THURSDAY.

In Eden Still.

How often in the stifling heat and press of life, when trivial cares rise with dry and dusty cloud to shut us in, do we wholly lose our place in the great calm of God, and fret as if there were no Infinite Reason embracing the vortex of the world! In loneliness and exhaustion, when the spirits are weak, and the crush of circumstance is strong;—when comrades rest and sleep, and we must toil and watch;—when the love of friends grows cold, and the warm light of youth is quenched, and the promises of years seem broken, and hope has but one chapter more;—how little do we think, as the boughs drip sadly with all this night-rain, that we lodge in Eden still, where the voice of the Lord God rustles in the trees, and bespeaks the blossom and the fruit that can only spring from tears!

FRIDAY.

The Higher Life.

Our lot is greater than ourselves, and gives to our souls a worth they would not else have dared to claim. Hence, the humbleness there always is to Christian dignity. The immortal lot infinitely transcends our poor deserts; how we are to grow into the proportions of so high a life, it is wonderful to think. And yet, though it is above us al-

ways,— nay, even *because* it is above us,— there is something in it true and answering to our nature still, so that, having once lived in it, we are only half ourselves — and that the meaner half —without it.

SATURDAY.

God is in the Present Life.

Of nothing may we be more sure than this; that, if we cannot sanctify our present lot, we could sanctify no other. Our heaven and our Almighty Father are there or nowhere. The obstructions of that lot are given for us to heave away by the concurrent touch of a holy spirit, and labor of a strenuous will; its gloom, for us to tint with some celestial light; its mysteries are for our worship; its sorrows for our trust; its perils for our courage; its temptations for our faith. Soldiers of the cross, it is not for us, but for our Leader and our Lord, to choose the field: it is ours, taking the station which he assigns, to make it the field of truth and honor, though it be the field of death.

THE CHURCH OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

In answer to some comments made by the daily press upon the prominent part taken by Unitarians in the dedication at Plymouth of the monument to the Pilgrim Fathers, Rev. T. G. Milsted writes to the *Chicago Tribune* as follows:

It may not be known to all that the church founded by the Pilgrim Fathers is to-day a Unitarian church. To see that this result did not come about by some mere accident, we have only to notice that nearly all the churches founded in Massachusetts in those early heroic times are now Unitarian. The church of the Pilgrim Fathers was founded at Scrooby, England, in 1604. Its members were driven by persecution to Holland, and came to this country in 1620. In 1629 came Endicott and his party, who settled at Salem. The church they founded is likewise Unitarian. The year following came the noble Winthrop and his company, and the church which they founded—the "First Church of Boston"—is Unitarian also. The churches of many other early settled towns—Cambridge, Roxbury, Dorchester, Watertown, Concord, Lexington, Quincy, not to mention more—are to-day Unitarian. Boston now has twenty-eight Unitarian churches; Massachusetts has nearly two hundred, most of these being the "first churches" of their respective towns, founded by the Pilgrims and Puritans or their immediate descendants. These figures show that the Unitarianism of the church of the Pilgrims is no accident, but that liberal Christianity is the legitimate result of the faith of the Pilgrims and Puritans. Why is this? Why is it that those churches, whose rolls are headed by the noble and never-to-be-forgotten names of Brewster, Bradford, John Carver, Winslow, Standish, Endicott, Winthrop, John Cotton, of Henry Vane and Hugh Peters—friends of Cromwell and Milton—why is it that those churches are to-day all Unitarian? Because their founders had suffered from persecution in England, and they came together in this land on the broadest possible basis of union — not a creed that would exclude many, but a covenant that would include all. I have by me at this moment the covenant of one of those early churches, that of Salem, adopted in 1629. It is as follows: "We covenant with the Lord, and one with another, and do bind ourselves in the presence of God to walk together in all His ways, according as He is pleased to reveal Himself unto us in His Blessed Word of Truth." This is the covenant of the Salem church to this day. The covenants of the other churches were much like it.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

M. Compayré, whose excellent "Lectures on Teaching" Prof. Wm. H. Payne has recently translated, in his thoughtful and suggestive chapter on "Moral Education" uses language which is applicable to the wider sphere of the religious life as well as to the training of children in ethics: "It requires much good will to decorate with the epithet *moral*, actions in which are manifested merely the desire to gratify some sense, the fear of suffering associated by the memory with certain actions, or at most the distinction between paternal caresses and threats."

One of the best, because one of the most suggestive and stimulating, books which has been given to the world for some years, is that by Canon W. H. Fremantle, entitled: "The World as the Subject of Redemption." It seems to be very little known in America, though it was issued five years ago in England; and it is a misfortune that it is so little known among us, because it is, I think, the most practical and helpful work yet produced by the Broad Church party. It expresses, more than is expressed any where else, the *humanitarian* spirit of the age and emphasizes the interpretation and ministry of religion as a corporate life.

Not all that the author writes can be commended, but his point of view is certainly very broad, as these words illustrate: "Such a presentation of the Christian Church, if it can be successfully drawn out, will serve, it is hoped, to turn the attention of men away from the controversies engendered by an exclusive interest in worship and dogma, to the more fruitful field of a practical influence on the national and universal life. It will tend to show the complete identity of Christianity with goodness in its widest sense. It will exhibit the unity of the various spheres of moral and intellectual life."

Canon Fremantle recognizes the necessity of a reorganization of religion along the lines of a common aspiration rather than on the basis of a uniform opinion: The church "can never be the organ of universal love so long as correct definitions of the great objects of faith and of the spiritual processes of redemption are made the test of fellowship: for these are matters which must always appear different to different minds, and which, indeed, are incapable of definition."

We hear it questioned sometimes, whether Unitarianism is a religion suited to the masses,—a question that answers itself, or rather the answer to which depends upon our belief in it as a religious system; if it is true, of course it is adapted to human wants. But the same question may be asked as to republicanism as a form of government; and the answer would be the same. The simplicity, reasonableness, and high ethical standard of Unitarianism demand the same qualities which are universally recognized as essential to the success of republican government —intelligence and moral earnestness. If a community has not these qualities, it is useless to give it republican institutions; it is not capable of self-government. So in religion. It requires intelligence to understand a religious system which does not rest upon supernaturalism; it requires moral earnestness to accept as a guide in conduct, a religion which appeals only to the highest motives. If then by "the masses" we mean the great body of the American people—a people who operate successfully the most complicated system of government which the world ever saw, and that which calls for the highest degree of self-restraint and patriotism—then Unitarianism is a religion eminently suited to the masses. But where these qualities, intelligence and moral earnestness, do not exist, Unitarianism is not likely to flourish. Such communities can be reached only by religions which appeal to superstition and selfishness; but whether such religions do their votaries any good may well be doubted.

When the Black Diamond the other day escaped from the United States authorities who had captured her while she was stealing seals in Behring's Sea, —so the authorities believed,—the whole of Canada went wild with joy—if we may believe the newspapers. In both Canada and the United States, there are those who act as though a war between the two countries would be an unmixed blessing. This indicates a spirit of ferocity or of foolishness. It is the duty of the enlightened portions of both countries and of England to insist that the British Empire and the United States shall never again be arrayed against each other on the battle-field. "The parliament of man" is a growing idea. Not for a few seals or codfish shall the English-speaking races go to war with one another. The spirit of compromise and the desire for a more perfect justice than can be assured by the chances of battle, are possessing the minds of the intelligent. Bellamy's dream may not be merely a dream after all, the people of the twentieth century will, perhaps, see the folly, the inadequacy of war as a means of settling disputes between nations.

Which shall it be, Chicago or New York? Not to have an opinion on this question, is not to have heard of it. The World's Fair of 1892, the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery

of this Continent by Columbus, shall it be held at the commercial metropolis, or at the most distinctively American city? What will our visitors come to see, the Fair alone or the United States? No one knows better than does the intelligent Bostonian or New Yorker that the center of civilization as well as the center of population of this country is soon to be in the Mississippi Valley. Chicago is more New England than New England itself. The bright, enterprising boys of Vermont, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts of twenty-five years ago are to-day among the leaders of trade in Chicago. New York urges her location on the sea-board and her commercial importance. These are the sole considerations. But they cannot outweigh the convenience of the people of the Mississippi valley and the Pacific slope, nor the desire of Europeans to see more than a little island on our sea-coast. They come to see the American and his continent.

We all hear it said that while ministers take vacations the devil never does. True, and yet not the whole truth. The evil powers are no more constant or incessant in their activity than the powers which make for righteousness. Health is a more constant and pervasive reality than disease; virtue than vice; patriotism than treason. Indeed, God has never left his universe to take a vacation, and yet he is doubtless glad that ministers, and all others in need of it, do take a vacation. But it does seem too bad that churches should be shut for a whole summer. And Unitarian churches least of all can afford to follow this policy. Let the minister have his vacation, and let people rest from church-going if they will, but let us also remember the stranger who desires to come within our gates, and the toilers with no summer outing who wish to worship and who need the attention of some minister.

In the coming contest between Secular Education and the Secular State on the one side and the Roman Hierarchy on the other, we will do well to heed the wise words of Bluntschli, the modern Aristotle, as his disciples call him: "The modern State is founded by human means on human nature. . . . The modern idea of the State is not religious, but not therefore irreligious. . . . Modern political science does not profess to comprehend the ways of God, but endeavors to understand the State as a human institution. . . . All theocracy is repellent to the political consciousness of modern times. . . . The modern State develops the common freedom of citizenship in all classes and compels every one to submit to its authority. . . . It recognizes no superior status in the clergy, abolishes their privileges and immunities, and extends the authority of law over all classes equally. . . . *The modern State leaves only religious education to the Church. The school is a State school, science is free from ecclesiastical authority, and its freedom is protected by the State.*"

A church of the Living God must be the home of our common humanity, being the first to reach the sufferer and the last to leave the sinner, and making its message co-extensive with truth, and its ministries inclusive of all methods of helpfulness.

What is vastly more important to-day than the restatement of religious doctrines, is the reorganization of the methods of religious life. It is not only by our works that we show our faith, it is through our experience that we achieve our faith.

What inspiration springs from the fact that great souls in different lands have seen with equal clearness the essential elements of piety. While Paul wrote: "Overcome evil with good," Brahmins were reciting from their great poem, the "Mahabharata:"

"With meekness conquer wrath, and ill with ruth,
By giving niggards vanquish, lies with truth."

The following are two peculiarly striking sayings, well worth remembering, one

by Lewes: "Finality is not the attribute of anything that has life;" and the other by Johnson, the historian of Oriental religions: "Growth means outgrowth."

Every noble character is the efflorescence of some supreme conviction, but a formal dogmatic creed instead of being a help to conviction is usually no more than an empty shell, abandoned by the life that once secreted it.

A very eminent French writer has recently stated in this beautiful fashion a very important truth, to be borne in mind especially in the religious training of children: "Religion is nothing if it is but a series of formulas learned by heart and imposed by force. God ought to appear in the consciousness only behind duty." J. H. C.

BOOKS AND CULTURE.

The love of nature is one of the most important elements in the life of the modern man. It gives poise and serenity, as well as health and freshness, to his thoughts and to his character. It takes him out of what is artificial and conventional, and gives a natural tone and purpose to his life. Without direct contact with nature, man comes to look on the world with inverted eyes, and to see in it something dark and malignant. Nature cures many a hurt of the soul, and it leads him to look upon the world with clear-seeing and joyous eyes. Contact with it in a loving and intimate way gives to the soul joy as it can be had in no other way. It gives also a sense of oneness with the ever-unfolding creation of God, and of harmony with it in a life of aspiration and ideal purpose.

Sympathy with nature is the remedy for many a sorrow that grows out of our modern life. Study of it, in the manner of the poet, brings peace in the midst of the distractions of the ever-hurrying social life of our time. The fever and torment of the artificial life of society are put far away when we commune with the calm and serene face of nature and read the secrets of its restful heart. "Not more surely," says John Burroughs, "is the blood quickened and purified by contact with the unbreathed air, than is the spirit of man vitalized and made strong by intercourse with the real things of the earth. The calm, all-permitting, wordless spirit of nature—yet so eloquent to him who hath ears to hear! The sunrise, the heaving sea, the woods and mountains, the storm and the whistling winds, the gentle summer day, the winter sights and sounds, the night, and the high dome of stars—to have really perused these, especially from childhood onward, till what there is in them, so impossible to define, finds its full mate and echo in the mind—this only is the lore which breathes the breath of life into all the rest."

When we come out of our hot rooms, and away from the wordiness and frivolity they engender, and look upon the woods, the hills and the sea, the flight of birds and the changing aspects of the sky, a peace is brought to us that the soul needs for its best unfolding, a peace that is necessary to the serene on-going of life. It is not all things that nature can give, but it will act as a corrective of much that is depressing and morbid in our feelings and in our thoughts; and it will bring to us the breadth of the open air, the repose of the mountains and the sea, and the freshness of the morning hour.

It is not all study of nature which acts as a means of help to the soul. That study of it which is dissection only, which destroys in order to know, does not bring the best results. At least, it does not bring health and calmness of spirit. It does not bring serenity, and peace, and joy of soul. It brings skepticism of mind, narrowness of heart, and unrest of spirit. Nature does the most for man when he views her in her great on-goings without the desire to search too closely into her secrets. The poet knows her more surely than the scientist, in so far as nature is to soothe the spirit of man and give health to his soul. "The true poet," says Burroughs, "knows more about nature than the naturalist because he carries her open secrets in his heart." Darwin has taught us many wonderful things about nature; but when we would make nature a means of curing the soul's discontent, it is not Darwin, but Wordsworth or Emerson, who is to be our guide and helper. It is Goethe and Wordsworth and Emerson who have taught us how to love nature, how to prize her calming and inspiring influence, and how to draw from her newness of life and hope.

Love of nature for its own sake has not come to us so much from scientific studies as from that philosophy which sees in nature the image of that one eternal and transcendent life out of which all things flow. The calmness and the joy of nature are the reflection of its mystery and its spirituality. Within nature is a life which gives it meaning, and which makes it powerful to influence our feelings and our aspirations. This inward life has been best interpreted for us by Wordsworth and by Emerson. To them we must turn if we would know the real worth of nature to the poet and the lover. What nature is to the poet and the lover, that she must be to all who would know her open secrets, and to all who would gain her help as a power to calm and inspire the soul.

Since Wordsworth began to write, many have been the spiritual interpreters of nature. A literature has sprung up devoted to the imaginative and poetical study of nature. Communion and sympathy with nature have become a best part of the culture of our time. Emerson, Thoreau, Whitman, and Burroughs show us what such a study of nature may become in giving high thoughts to the mind and pure emotions to the heart.

Of the later nature-poets none is worthier of attention than John Burroughs, albeit he writes in prose rather than in verse. He has been deeply influenced by Wordsworth, Emerson, and Whitman, especially by the last two. He is a transcendentalist; and he has the spiritual insight and aim. He does not deal so much as does Emerson with the universal influence of nature, with its philosophical and transcendent aspects; but he has the same point of view, and the same faith in the spiritual import of the material forces of nature. He is a literary and not a scientific interpreter of nature. His attitude is that of his saying in his last book, that "the final value of physical science is its capability to foster in us noble ideals, and to lead us to new and larger views of moral and spiritual truth." In his essay on "Science and Literature" he says that "the chief interest of mankind in nature or in the universe can never be for any length of time a merely scientific interest—an interest measured by our exact knowledge of these things." It is nature as it unfolds itself to literature—to the imagination, to feeling, to poetry—for which Burroughs cares, and it is nature as so understood which we find in his books. It is nature read in this spirit which gives man the calm and the joy of which we have spoken. No other view of it can bring its indwelling spirit to abide in the heart of man. The high value of natural objects is in "the human sentiments they awaken and foster in us, the emotion of love, or admiration, or awe, or fear, which they call up; and is, in fact, the interest of literature as distinguished from that of science. The admiration one feels for a flower, for a person, for a fine view, for a noble deed, the pleasure one takes in a spring morning, in a stroll upon the beach, is the admiration and the pleasure literature feels, and art feels." From another part of the same book a paragraph may be taken to show how fully it is the spiritual view of nature which attracts him: "I should think much more meanly of my own books than I do," he says, "if I did not believe that my account of bird, or flower, or forest, or stream, contained some stimulus or quality, or suggestion, which the reality itself does not hold, and which is purely the gift of the spirit. Your fact or observation is not literature until it is put in some sort of relation to the soul."

The main interest of Burroughs's essays, however, is not to be found in their transcendentalism, but in their remarkable success in describing the simple aspects of nature. The spiritual aim gives direction to all his studies, but he deals with nature in its undress or in its every day aspects. He writes of birds and bees, of flowers and shrubs, of lake and sky, with a marvelous intimacy and love. He has Thoreau's insight and penetrative gaze, but he has not Thoreau's solitary and iconoclastic habit. "Our delight," he says in "Birds and Poets," "is in a few things. The drying road is enough; a single wild-flower, the note of the first bird, the partridge drumming in the April woods, the restless herds, the sheep steering for the uplands, the cow lowing in the highway or hiding her calf in the bushes, the first fires, the smoke going up through the shining atmosphere, from the burning of rubbish in gardens and old fields—each of these simple things fills the breast with yearning and delight."

The love of these simple things, and their power to rouse and inspire the soul of man, does not come because of what they are in themselves, but because of their relations to the ever-flowing life of nature, and because they help to make up the wholeness of its boundless life. Thus viewed they lose their commonness and their isolation, and they become coloring and shade in the vast and ever-shifting picture which nature presents. Burroughs has a fine skill in making the simple things take on truer meanings from their larger connections.

The subjects about which Burroughs writes are those open to the observation of every person. He does not discourse of mountain aspects or of sea colorings; he does not write of the heavens as the astronomer knows them. He walks the woodland road, saunters by the river side or watches the bird in its haunts. He keeps company with the cow in the pasture, he watches the herbs as they grow, and he studies the snow-flakes as they drop to their wintry repose. If he sometimes seeks the hills, it is only to note their milder aspects, not those of sublimity and awe. He never goes far from the haunts of men, and it is nature tamed or in its milder aspects, not nature forbidding and tragic, with which he sojourns.

One of Burroughs's essays is on "Footpaths," and what they have suggested to him as he has strolled along them. They have offered him much food for thought, and he writes of them in a delightful manner. His attitude towards the simple aspects of nature is well expressed at the end of this essay: "You are eligible to any good fortune when you are in the condition to enjoy a walk. When the air and water tastes sweet to you, how much else will taste sweet! When exercise of your limbs affords you pleasure, and the play of your

senses upon the various objects and shows of nature quickens and stimulates your spirit, your relation to the world and to yourself is what it should be—simple and direct and wholesome."

The delight in the simple and the natural which marks Burroughs's writings appears in another of his essays, that on "Phases of Farm Life." "The farmer has the most sane and natural occupation," he says, "and ought to find life sweeter, if less highly seasoned, than any other. He alone, strictly speaking, has a home. How can a man take root and thrive without land? He writes his history upon his field. How many ties, how many resources he has; his friendships with his cattle, his team, his dog, his trees, the satisfaction of his growing crops, in his improved fields; his intimacy with nature, with bird and beast, and with the quickening elemental forces; his co-operation with the cloud, the sun, the seasons, heat, wind, rain, frost."

Burroughs is a man of letters as well as a student of nature. In his own way he loves books and knows much about them. He has a special love for the writers of the transcendental school; and he shows everywhere throughout his books how deeply he has been influenced by Emerson. In two of his essays he treats of genius and beauty, and they are among the best he has written. He is an idealist in his study of nature, and he is equally an idealist in his conception of the place and the opportunity of literature. In his last book, when speaking of the realists in fiction, he says that he wants no greater realists than the great masters of the ideal, from Homer to Hawthorne. Familiar as he is with nature, and closely as he has been associated with scientific methods and theories, he keeps himself closely allied with the ideal conception of the world. He says that "any imaginative work, or any work aspiring to the rank of literature which does not afford a sure and speedy escape into the ideal, is of little value." His sympathy is with literature and not with science, with the imaginative and not the analytic view of nature. This makes him a lover of literature, and it causes him to defend its methods as they are opposed to those of science. It is not the outward, but the inward, life which makes the strongest appeal to his thought. "The kingdom of heaven in literature, as in religion, cometh not with observation. This felicity is within you as much in the one case as in the other. It is the fruit of the spirit, and not of the diligence of the hands."

The two books in which Burroughs has written on literary subjects are "Birds and Poets" and "Indoor Studies." The last of these is his latest book, and it is one of the best. It is made up of essays on Thoreau, Arnold, Emerson and Carlyle, Gilbert White, Hugo, two essays on science in its relations to literature and the poets, a series of brief literary studies, and a chapter on his own experiences as an author. This book gives the key to his previous volumes, because it gives us an insight into his theory of life and nature. The special admirer of his nature studies may not feel so living an interest in the subjects of this volume; but for those who love the man and who sympathize with his intellectual attitude it will have many attractions. It has the charm of all his books in the grace of its literary style. His manner is simple, direct and forcible. He says of his style, that it is the result of much study and discipline. "I have taught myself," he says, "always to get down to the quick of my mind at once, and not fumble about amid the husks at the surface. Unless one can give the sense of vitality in his pages, no mere verbal brightness or scholarly attainments will save him. In the best writing every sentence is filled with the writer's living, breathing quality, just as in the perfected honey-comb every cell is filled with honey." No words could better describe the method of Burroughs's books or give one a keener sense of the fresh life there is in them. He knows how to bring nature home to our thoughts, and how to make its spirit a vital quality in our hearts.

GEO. W. COOKE.

Dedham, Mass.

LITERARY NOTES.

A biography of the late Father Damien, by Edward Clifford, has just been published in London.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., announce for early publication, "Literary Landmarks: A Guide to Good Reading for Young People, and Teachers' Assistant." By Mary E. Burt, Teacher of Literature, Cook County Normal School, Englewood, Ill. The book has been prepared as a guide to those who are seeking to provide the *best* reading matter for children. In addition to the numerous charts and original designs, the author has drawn up with great care a long list of the best books which cover the necessities of school libraries, teachers' books, and children's reading.

The second volume of Rev. Edward Everett Hale's "Sunday School Stories on the Golden Texts of the International Lessons of 1889" has been published by Roberts Bros. It illustrates the lessons from July to January, and, like the first volume, contains twenty-six stories.

Another volume from the press of Roberts Bros., similar to the preceding, is "Sunday School Stories for Little Children on the Golden Texts of the International Lessons for 1889," by Miss Lucretia P. Hale and Mrs. Bernard Whitman. The first volume of Dr. Hale's work was so helpful that there

was an earnest appeal from Sunday-school workers for a series for younger children.

Rev. E. E. Hale is to write a biography of James Freeman Clarke, a work to which, it is said, he will devote two years.

Sunday-schools selecting new books for their libraries should by all means send to the A. U. A. for a pamphlet entitled "A Catalogue of Books for Sunday-school Libraries, Recommended by the Ladies' Commission on Sunday-school Books."

"Law-Violating Miracle" is the title of a pamphlet containing two sermons on miracles by Rev. E. L. Rexford, D. D., of Roxbury, Mass. The discourses were called out by the discussion now going on in the Universalist body as to whether Christianity rests upon a necessary basis of miracle, and whether persons not believing in miracles (in the sense of violations of law) have a right in the Universalist ministry. Dr. Rexford attempts to show, and we think with success, that the real credentials of Jesus and Christianity are moral and spiritual,—that these are incomparably more weighty and enduring than any possible credentials of physical wonder-working can ever be.

The Leaven at Work. By J. W. Hanson, D. D. Boston: Universalist Publishing House. Price, 50 cents. This book traces the growth that is going on in the religious thought of Christendom, in the direction of Universalism. It is largely made up of quotations from orthodox writers showing a gradual decline in belief in the old doctrine of a hell of everlasting torments, and the coming in, in its place, of the doctrine of "eternal hope."

Lorin Mooruck, and other Indian Stories. By Geo. T. Kercheval. Boston: J. Stilman Smith & Co. We have here three stories, "Lorin Mooruck," "Three Men of Wallowa," and "Samuel, an Arapahoe," all written with a view to giving us true pictures of Indian life, and especially of the cruelties and injustices that have been practiced and are still being practiced upon this unfortunate people by white men and by the United States Government, especially in robbing them of their lands. The stories are very pathetic, and if they could be widely read would make many persons, who are now wholly indifferent to the wrongs of the Indian, friendly to him, and advocates of better laws in his behalf and juster treatment of him.

The secretary of "The Society to Encourage Study at Home," at the annual meeting, reported that five hundred women from all parts of the United States and Canada were pursuing courses of study under the direction of corresponding teachers. History and English Literature have been the favorite studies, closely followed by art and science. The work during the year has been more advanced and more perfectly done than ever before. Quiet work for higher thought is the aim of the society.

George H. Ellis, of Boston, will publish in the early fall, a book of Social Essays, entitled: Problems in American Society, by Joseph Henry Crooker, the author of "Jesus Brought Back." It will contain six chapters: The Student in American Life, Scientific Charity, The Root of the Temperance Problem, The Political Conscience, Moral and Religious Instruction in the Public Schools, The Religious Destitution of Villages. The chapter on Scientific Charity, along with other interesting matters, will describe Mr. Crooker's discovery of the origin of Associated Charities in Hamburg a century ago; while the next to the last chapter will treat the question at issue between the Secular Schools and the Catholic Church from a fresh point of view.

THE REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

We name below some of the more important articles in the magazines and reviews of the month.

Unitarian Review (August).

Is there a Philosophy of Evolution? By Josiah Royce.

Theodore Parker. By Samuel B. Stewart.

Why not turn Jew? By Charles A. Allen.

Missions and Mohammedanism. By S. G. W. Benjamin.

The Humanization of Religion. By Moncure D. Conway.

Andover Review (August).

Chance or Design. By N. S. Shaler.

The Psychology of the Modern Novel. By George T. Ladd.

Out of Town Missions for City Churches. By John Tunis.

Primitive Buddhism: A Study. By N. G. Clark.

North American Review (August).

Philanthropy at Johnstown. By Clara Barton.

A Word with Professor Huxley. By Lyman Abbott.

Will Reason Exterminate Christianity? By David Swing.

Lend a Hand (August).

Mutual Insurance against Enforced Idleness. By Charles E. Buell.

Morals in Public Schools. By Lyman Clark.

Atlantic Monthly (August).

From Generation to Generation. By Lillie B. Chace Wyman.

The French Alliance and the Conway Cabal. By John Fiske.

The Century (August).

The Bible in Tennyson. By Henry van Dyke.

State Criminals at the Kara Mines. By George Kennan.

Scribner's Magazine (August).

Tennyson's First Flight. By Henry van Dyke.

The Two Locksley Halls. By T. R. Lounsbury.

NEWS FROM THE FIELD.

The Unitarian ministers, whose names are signed below, hereby issue a call for a general convention of Unitarians in the West, to consider the needs and opportunities of the Unitarian body, especially in regard to its Western work, each church or religious society to be represented by its pastor and one lay delegate for every forty families. It is hoped that the meeting can be held in October before the National Conference; but, if not, it will be held as soon thereafter as practicable. The necessary correspondence in arranging the details of the meeting has been undertaken by Rev. David Utter, 115 23d Street, Chicago, Ill.

T. G. Milsted, Chicago, Ill.
John Snyder, St. Louis, Mo.
H. D. Maxon, Menomonie, Wis.
A. G. Jennings, Toledo, O.
George A. Thayer, Cincinnati, O.
J. W. Caldwell, Uniontown, Kan.
E. Powell, Topeka, Kan.
C. G. Howland, Lawrence, Kan.
C. J. K. Jones, Louisville, Ky.
J. L. Douthit, Shelbyville, Ill.
Jay Belknap, La Porte, Ind.
C. J. Staples, St. Cloud, Minn.
W. F. Greenman, Winona, Minn.
Kristofer Janson, Minneapolis, Minn.
Arthur Beavis, Iowa City, Ia.
L. R. Daniels, Midland, Mich.
B. D. Stevens, Alton, Ill.
Mary L. Leggett, Beatrice, Neb.
David Utter, Chicago, Ill.

The following information contained in a letter from Prof. George Boros of Kolozsvar, Hungary, will be of interest to our readers:

Since the year 1885, a moral and religious association has been doing a constant and progressive good work in Kolozsvar, under the name, "Francis David Association." Its president is Dr. S. Brassai, its secretary, Prof. Boros. There are about eight hundred members in the association. Many of them are ladies, from whom about half of the members of the committees are chosen. The association publishes a monthly journal under the name, *Unitarian Gazette.*

To estimate the number of the Hungarian Unitarian churches at one hundred and ten, as the Year-Book gives it, is right in a way; that is, there are one hundred and ten churches with regular ministers, but besides there are one hundred more organized churches with assistant ministers. Consequently, either both these numbers should be given, which is more correct, or the number one hundred and ten should be rounded to two hundred.

Agricultural College, Mich.—The commencement exercises of Michigan State Agricultural College, of which Rev. O. Clute was recently made president, were held on Aug. 20th. President Clute preached the Baccalaureate sermon on Sunday, Aug. 18, and gave his Inaugural address, Aug. 20.

Boston and Vicinity.—A good deal of interest has been excited by an article on "The Unitarian Position" in the *Boston Herald.* The *Herald* is one of our most liberal papers, but it is an open secret that the gentleman who runs its religious columns is an Episcopal clergyman, who though very broad in his theology dearly loves to put in a word for his own side, and to have a rap at Unitarianism. Still, it was hardly to be expected that with his opportunities of verifying his ideas, he could speak of the Unitarian body, as this article did, as drifting away from Christianity into "Theism, pure and simple," still less, as "losing touch with organic Christian forces," and as only about half as large in numbers as it was twenty-five years ago! Most of our Boston ministers are off on vacation, but fortunately Rev. E. A. Horton was at hand, and his correction appeared in a long and interesting article, Sunday, Aug. 11.

—It is of course impossible to reproduce an article filling two and a-half closely printed columns, but Mr. Horton's chief points are these: 1. That however some of the old statements and arguments of the Christian position may have been left behind, the spirit and allegiance of our churches and societies is as distinctly Christian as ever. 2. That the charge that we are "losing touch with organic Christian forces" is "surprisingly incorrect." "The truth is that Unitarianism has been too exclusive and self-centered, and now it is seeking a warmer alliance with the people." "Right here in Boston the transformation is palpable. The Unitarian mission work in Boston is larger than that of any other denomination. It is better officered, better housed, better located, operating at six centers; the young people of our churches are turning into the popular work; our new ministers are better equipped for a free, hearty, helpful service in the world; our lines of missionary labor and expenditure have quadrupled at home and increased abroad; we are spending more money every year on communities from which no return can be made." 3. As to numerical decline, Mr. Horton says—rightly—that it is hardly worth discussing, but that the slightest reference to the available sources of information (such as our Year-Book) would have shown that it is largely the other way. The *Herald* has since admitted its mistake in this latter point.

—The "Catalonia" has brought over to Boston, on a short visit to the U. S., Rev. J. Lloyd Jones, one of our most respected city missionaries in Liverpool. He goes to Wisconsin to visit his relative, Rev. Jenkin Ll.

Jones, and later hopes to be at the National Conference in Philadelphia. His devoted labors for years past, in the poorest parts of Liverpool, have brought him but little into the public notice which would make him known to our readers, but he deserves a warm welcome for his work's sake.

—The Unitarian Sunday-School Society has arranged for a series of Teachers' meetings for the study of the new "Lessons on Luke," to be held in Channing Hall on Saturday afternoons at 3 o'clock, beginning October 5th, 1889. For the first quarter, October 1—December 31, there will be ten consecutive Lessons on Luke. These will be followed by a Review Lesson and a Lesson on Temperance (from the Temperance Manual published by the Society). Schools near enough to Boston to send their teachers to these meetings will receive full information concerning them early in September.

—The "International Lessons" for the year beginning Jan. 1, 1890, are to be upon the Gospel of Luke. As, however, the majority of our Unitarian Sunday-schools begin the school year in September or October (closing in June or July), it would obviously be impracticable to bring our Lessons into accord with the International Lesson Scheme, even if the same Lesson subjects had been selected. Still, it may be of some advantage to our schools to study this Gospel at about the time when so many thousand pupils will be studying the same book, though after a different plan and with a different interpretation.

Bar Harbor, Me.—It will be in the memory of some of our readers, that in this place there had been for many years a "Union Church," which had been always loyally supported by Dr. Rufus Ellis, Rev. F. G. Peabody, and the other Unitarians who had homes, or occasionally sojourned here. A year ago, however, the Unitarians were suddenly informed that they would no longer be allowed any share in the services—the reason being, as it turned out, that two wealthy New York Congregationalists had offered to rebuild, or contribute largely to the rebuilding of the plain little village meeting-house, on condition that Unitarians should no longer be allowed to preach therein! The Unitarians thus suddenly cast adrift, met, and felt that they must build a church for themselves. A lady gave land, and many friends large donations, and the result was that in June of this year a handsome little church, costing $7,000, was opened. Sunday, Aug. 11, the dedication took place, Revs. C. C. Everett, S. A. Eliot, and F. G. Peabody taking part and Rev. Brooke Herford preaching the sermon. Prof. J. B. Thayer read a report from the Building Committee, showing that the church is dedicated *clear of debt.* (It is an interesting comment on the whole affair, that the new "Congregational Church"—a handsome stone structure—in spite of the large contributions referred to, has still a debt of $8,000 upon it, and that some of its supporters recently asked our Unitarian ladies to help them in their efforts to raise funds by a Fair to remove the debt).

Cedar Rapids, Ia.—The Universalist cause in Eastern Iowa is strengthened by the presence of Rev. J. H. Palmer, who recently took charge of the Universalist Society here.

Malden, Mass.—A correspondent writes: "Our church closed July 14th, for the summer, after a most successful year's work. The regular attendance has been better than in previous years. The Hillside Club, which is composed of the young men and women of the society, has raised $280. They have paid $100 into the church treasury, and will use $125 in September, to paint the church building. The Malden Club has recently formed an alliance with the Unity Clubs of Chelsea, Melrose, and Stoneham. Meetings will be held four times a year, once with each local club. The membership of the four clubs is about three hundred and fifty. A new organ, which was much needed, is being put in the church this summer. Our prospects for the coming year are very bright, and a great deal of work is already laid out by the different organizations connected with the society."

Monroe, Wis.—Rev. G. W. Buckley, who for the past two years has had charge of the Universalist church at Monroe, has resigned, and will spend next year in study at Cambridge.

Mount Desert, Me.—A few years ago there were only three Unitarian churches in all this part of the Maine coast, those at Bangor, Castine, and Ellsworth. Of late, however, an interest in Unitarianism has sprung up at quite a number of points, which has been fostered by the occasional services of ministers visiting the district in the summer, and especially last year by the efforts of Mr. Samuel A. Eliot. The result is the organization of "Hancock County Conference," which held its first meeting at Bar Harbor, Thursday, Aug. 8, and which was attended by representatives not only from the original churches at Bangor and Ellsworth, but by members of Unitarian or Liberal Societies at the following places: Bar Harbor, North East Harbor, Winter Harbor, Sullivan, East Sullivan, Gouldsboro', West Gouldsboro', Lamoine, Prospect Harbor, North Lamoine, Somerville, Steuben, and Salisbury Cove. It was a "basket Conference"—the Bar Harbor friends wisely feeling that it was better to begin on a scale which would make it possible for even the poorest places to take turn in holding the meetings—and in all about one hundred and eighty people were present. After a brief service conducted

by Rev. F. G. Peabody, Prof. J. B. Thayer gave an address of welcome, and Mr. S. A. Eliot made a report on the condition and needs of the churches of the Conference. Hon. J. E. Chilcott, of Ellsworth, who was chosen President, also gave an address. Other addresses and papers were given by Revs. S. C. Beach (Superintendent of Unitarian Missions for Northern New England), Brooke Herford of Boston, F. E. Healey, C. F. Dole, and others. The whole spirit of the day was most earnest and encouraging.

Oneonta, N. Y.—Rev. J. C. F. Grumbine has recently been received from the Universalist into the Unitarian fellowship.

Rock Falls, Ia.—Through the missionary efforts of Rev. Arthur Beavis of Iowa City, during his vacation, a Unitarian Society has been organized at Rock Falls.

Salem, Mass.—The closing services at Barton Square Church, before the summer vacation, were among the most interesting ever held there. The day being appropriated as "Children's Sunday and Flower Festival," the decorations were elaborate and very attractive. Half hidden among trailing vines were hung cages of canary birds who lent their sweet voices to the service. No more delightful or well behaved choristers were ever heard. Though joining in impassioned song with choir solos and children's hymns, they remained perfectly silent during prayer and sermon. A pleasing feature of the service was the distribution of bouquets to the Sunday-school scholars, to be carried by them to the aged and sick. The pastor, Rev. F. B. Mott, made a short but earnest address to the children on "Storing Sunshine," urging that supplies of light and warmth should be stored in the heart for winter use. Six little ones were baptized, "In the name of the Infinite God, the Father of us all." The society is prosperous and active.

Sharon, Mass.—The Unitarian church has been kept open this summer, and the attendance has been good. A number of summer visitors have been present each Sunday. The Good Will Society held a Fair, August 8-10, in the town hall, for the benefit of the church finances.

Strawberry Point, Ia.—The people of Strawberry Point are anxious to have a permanent liberal church. Since July 21st Mr. F. W. Holden, of Meadville, has been preaching to them, has had good audiences, and has organized a Sunday-school. There are many opportunities throughout this section for Liberal Christian workers.

Sullivan and East Sullivan, Me.—During vacation, Mr. Frederic Gill, of Meadville, is holding services here. On the 14th of July, a Liberal Christian Society was organized, using the following covenant: "We, whose names are subscribed, desiring to live in the spirit of Jesus, join for the worship of God and the service of man."

—Good work has been done here by the Portland branch of the P. O. Mission. Revs. S. Longfellow, C. F. Dole and F. G. Peabody have, by occasional sermons in past summers, sown good seed. The people meet and read sermons during the winter.

Winter Harbor, Me.—The society occupying the beautiful church built last year by the generosity of Mr. D. B. Flint, is prosperous. There are not very many summer visitors, but the villagers are thoroughly interested, and kept the church open throughout the winter by services conducted among themselves. During the summer they are greatly enjoying the services of some of our ministers who have come over from Bar Harbor and other neighboring places, Revs. C. F. Dole, Brooke Herford, E. E. Hale, and others having preached for them.

JOTTINGS.

Jonathan Bourne, who died recently in his eightieth year, was the first employer who undertook to share with his operatives the profits of his business. He tried the plan at the Bourne Cotton Mills, at Tiverton, R. I.

Ramabai's school, the Sharada Sada, has eighteen pupils. Miss Demmon, her assistant, has established a sewing-class. Ramabai lately gave an address before a conference at Poonah, on the subject, "America and American Women." This is the first time a woman has been invited to address such a body.

At the dedication of the new public library building at Cambridge, Mass., President Eliot is reported to have said: "I firmly believe ten minutes a day given to one good book of the highest class, such as the Bible, or Shakespeare, or to a book of the second class, like Virgil, or Homer, or Milton, will make a man cultured in a very few years."

Follow you the Star that lights a desert
pathway, yours or mine.
Forward, till you see the highest Human
Nature is divine.

Follow Light, and do the Right—for
man can half-control his doom—
Till you find the deathless Angel
seated in the vacant tomb.—*Tennyson.*

A gentleman in New England was called on to address a Sunday-school; and during his remarks he seemed much moved, but no one else appeared to experience the slightest emotion. The speaker continued to wipe away the tears which chased each other down his manly cheeks, when a boy in one class said to his neighbor, "Say, Charlie, do you know what that old duffer is crying about?" "Well," said Charlie, "if you had to make a speech, and hadn't anything more to say than he has, you'd feel bad, too."—*Christian Register.*

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